

The American Girl

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For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

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1935



CHRISTMAS ON PARADISE

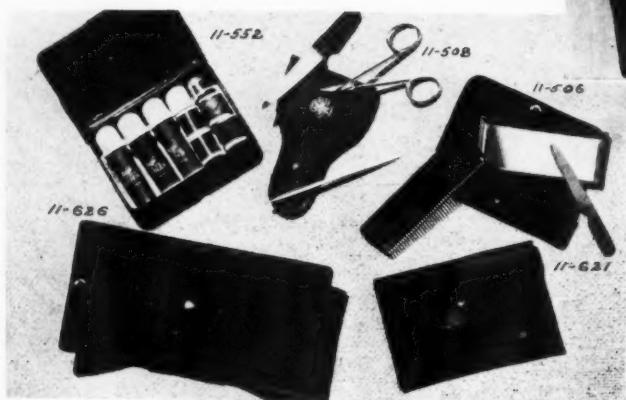
by
ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Kay

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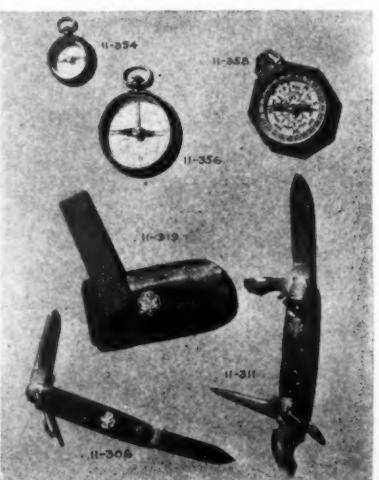
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

CONTENTS for DECEMBER, 1935

- | | |
|--|-----------------|
| Cover Design | Gertrude A. Kay |
| Mother and Child— <i>From a painting by Abbott H. Thayer</i> | Page 4 |

STORIES

- | | |
|---|----|
| The Kid Sister— <i>Marjorie Paradis</i> . Illustrated by Merle Reed | 5 |
| The Letter of the Law— <i>Mary Conover</i> . Illustrated by Leslie Turner | 9 |
| Christmas Gift for Ellen— <i>Charles G. Muller</i> . Illustrated by Henrietta McCaig Starrett | 15 |
| Troubled Waters, Part VI— <i>Edith Ballinger Price</i> . Illustrated by Orson Lowell | 18 |

ARTICLES

- | | |
|---|----|
| Christmas on Paradise— <i>Robert P. Tristram Coffin</i> . Illustrated by the author | 13 |
| Let's Make Some Etchings— <i>Ernest Stock</i> . Illustrated by the author | 22 |
| Traditional Holiday Recipes— <i>Jane Carter</i> . Illustrated with photographs | 30 |
| Needlepoint—To Give, To Keep— <i>Anna Coyle</i> .
Illustrated with a photograph and drawings | 32 |

POEMS

- | | |
|---|----|
| A Christmas Painting— <i>Margaret Widemer</i> . Decoration by Pelagie Doane . | 12 |
| Lines for a Christmas Card— <i>Elizabeth Honness</i> | 21 |
| Household Rhymes V— <i>Hamilton Williamson</i> . Decoration by Fanny Warren | 25 |

GIRL SCOUT FEATURES

- | | |
|--|----|
| Christmas Time is Wishing Time | 26 |
| Joy to the World! | 28 |

DEPARTMENTS

- | | |
|--|----|
| In Step with the Times— <i>Latrobe Carroll</i> | 34 |
| Chic for the Holidays—American Girl Patterns | 36 |
| Good Times with Books— <i>Helen Ferris</i> | 38 |
| A Penny for Your Thoughts | 44 |
| Cover Contest News | 46 |
| Laugh and Grow Scout | 48 |
| Our Puzzle Pack | 50 |

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD · EDITOR

DECEMBER · 1935

*Winter Carnival at Dartmouth! The Christmas present of
a lifetime! In her anticipation Beck forgot she was only*

THE KID SISTER

THE Christmas present of a lifetime! Just to sleep in a train all night was wonderful, and that was merely the beginning. Rebecca Roberts, known as Beck, unbuttoned the curtain of her upper berth and peered once more down the dim alley, walled on either side by similar green curtains. Nine o'clock and not a girl up yet!

She lay back on her pillow swaying pleasantly to the vibration of the Dartmouth Special as it sped further and further north. A smile parted her bright lips; what a program she had ahead of her! They would reach college in the early afternoon, in time to see the skating races and do a little skiing before dinner. At seven o'clock there was to be a torch-light parade to the golf links for the outdoor show, at which time the judges would pick the Queen of the Carnival. A Gilbert and Sullivan opera would start about her usual bed hour and, following that, until five in the morning there would be a dance. Beck giggled aloud and continued her musings. Tomorrow would start with a hike to one of the cabins for lunch; on their way back, they would take in the celebrated ski-jumping events, and reach the fraternity house in time for a tea dance; then there were to be a basket ball game, a banquet, a midnight movie, and another dance until six in the morning! For she was on her way to the great Winter Carnival at Dartmouth College.

She wished, of course, she were not going as a kid sister. Oh, to be twenty instead of fifteen! But the chartreuse velvet evening dress she had borrowed from her cousin made her look years older, to say nothing of the emerald earrings she had bought at the Five and Ten, although she wasn't



By
MARJORIE PARADIS

at all sure her mother would let her wear the earrings.

When it had been decided that Mrs. Roberts was to be one of the chaperons, she had had the happy idea. "Jim," she had asked her son, "may I take Beck? As a Christmas present, I mean. She'd love it so."

First Jim had said, "Nothing doing." When a brother is a college senior, you don't expect to do much with him if you're only a kid sister; but later, to Beck's surprise, he relented. "All right, let her come; it's the chance of a lifetime."

Just before Jim went back to college after the Christmas vacation, she overheard him say to their mother, "Of course, kid sisters are considered a blight and a pest, but she's got to keep up with the pace. No treating her like a baby."

Well, she wasn't going to be a blight and a pest. Wait until he saw her in that chartreuse velvet evening dress! And as for her ski suit, a Christmas present from Aunt Zoe,—who knew but what it might just catch the judges' fancy? "Rebecca Roberts, Queen of the Carnival!"

"Sha'n't we get up, Beck?" her mother whispered from the berth below.

"Right-o!" she called and kicked off the covers.

"Thirty below in Hanover last night," she heard the conductor say.

How exciting! It seemed like Christmas morning. Did the other girls behind those green curtains feel all shoot-the-shoots inside, or was that only because she was a kid sister?

Hundreds of boys crowded the little station when finally



the train drew in. They roared and shouted, they gesticulated and waved. There was Jim in a plaid mackinaw! He took the bags and hustled his mother and sister past lines and lines of automobiles to the rustiest, ricketyest car Beck had ever seen. Connie Walters, Jim's girl who had just arrived on the Boston Special, sat waiting for them in the front seat. She was ever so pretty in her Russian toque of real fur, and she talked with an elegant broad "a." She had been to lots of other Carnivals and laughed at the mad confusion.

SEEMS as if we can't ever avoid this bore," she drawled. "I think it's awfully exciting," exclaimed Beck, then wondered if it was childish to be so enthusiastic.

The ancient car rattled across a bridge, and there they were on the college campus. The red brick buildings against the white snow were like a jig-saw picture and, at the head of the street, the library tower stood out against a clear blue sky. Jim tipped the car against a snow bank opposite his fraternity house, a white frame building displaying

Greek letters of brass on the front door above which fluttered the fraternity flag. An Indian, carved in ice, welcomed them with a raised tomahawk, and Beck saw another in front of the fraternity house across the way. She had seen the ice sculptures of the Carnival depicted in the Sunday papers in other years. Oh, it was all most thrilling, like making history!

The boys had vacated the house for their guests, and Beck was assigned to one of the studies which she would share as a dressing-room with four other girls. Her name on the door, along with the others, looked very lonely with no college after it. Connie was put in another study, and her mother with the chaperons.

"Hustle into your ski suits," Jim called up the stairs.

Dutifully Beck obeyed. She was dressed in a jiffy, but she had to pause to admire the effect. It was a swell outfit, the Dartmouth green suit with the diagonal band of white, the green stockingette cap surmounted by a white pompon which she wore flat as a pancake over one ear, white mittens, and white socks above borrowed ski boots! The boots were

Illustrated by MERLE REED



"THIS SLOPE WILL BE ENOUGH FOR YOU TO BEGIN ON," JIM EXPLAINED. "KEEP YOUR SKIS PARALLEL. YOU LEARN BY FALLING."

a little snug with such heavy socks, but she could manage. Of course her face wasn't much, but it was a *lovely* suit. What if the judges . . . ? "Your kid sister, Roberts, Queen of the Carnival!"

JIM wasn't at the foot of the stairs where she had left him, so she shyly edged her way to a door through which issued noisy laughter. It was the ballroom, festooned with pine needles and green streamers, giving promise of the pleasures to come. A group stood about the fireplace looking at a framed letter decked with fir. The girls wore ski suits quite as nice as hers . . . even nicer . . . that lavender one! Who would have thought of lavender? And the white with the Roman stripe! Beck felt littler and duller as she looked. After all, green was a very sombre color.

"For any sake, pipe the kid," laughed Jim.

Beck's eyes blurred at their laughter. What had she done?

"It's all right, Beck." Jim tucked a reassuring arm through hers and drew her over to the fireplace. He was always like that—made her adore him just when she thought she hated him. "But roll down your cap, this isn't a yachting trip. Your ears would drop off in two seconds."

"Oh, is that all?" Beck breathed in relief.

They had a long wait for Connie, and Beck spent the time watching Chuck Harper. Handsomer, he was, than any movie star she had ever seen, and besides being president of the fraternity, he had the leading part in *The Mikado*. Suppose he didn't recognize her at the dance that evening, in the chartreuse velvet and emerald earrings (if she could get away with the earrings!). Suppose he didn't realize she was the kid sister, and should cut in on her!

Connie, at last, welcomed by everyone and looking too lovely in a yellow suit trimmed with brown. Jim gave Beck a pair of skis to use later, and she felt pretty sporty as they all went over to Occum Pond to watch the races. The clear sub-zero air was electric, and Beck found it hard not to caper ahead. They passed cross-country snowshoe racers who dripped with sweat while their eyebrows and lashes were white with ice. Oh, it was all very gay and festive! Music, through amplifiers, boomed across the country, and they stopped at a wagon for hot dogs which Beck chewed in time to the music.

AFTER watching the races for a time they left the others, to Beck's delight, to do some skiing. She had never so much as seen a pair of skis before and she was surprised how simple they were, just narrow wooden runners about six feet long, pointed and turned up at the ends, having a leather strap across the middle to hold her toes. When she stood on them, however, although the snow was soft as powdered sugar with the frailest of crusts, the skis held her without breaking through.

"This slope's enough for you, kid. Keep your skis parallel," Jim explained. "You learn by falling."

She had anticipated swooping down the steepest hills on the golf course, but it was just as he said, the least incline made it an exciting slide, for the long blades kept turning in or out and tumbling her in the feathery snow.

Meanwhile Connie and Jim glided down a near-by hill that sent them across the broad fairway and halfway up another. Beck watched them with new-born admiration and plodded up her hummock. Oh, but it was gorgeous! Not another soul as far as she could see. Only white snow, green pines, and blue, blue sky!

One thing, however, troubled her. Her shoes had grown smaller and smaller. Her feet began to pain—pained until she wanted to go back to the house. But if she said anything Jim might think she was a pest.

Suppose her feet did hurt, what of it? She stamped in the snow before attempting another descent. But the cosy sun had faded and it was bitter.

"Not cold?" called Jim.

"How could she be, Jim? I'm roasting," Connie said. "Isn't it great, Beck?"

After a time her feet ceased to pain; it was as if she possessed no feet, only stumps. The short day drew into itself, and it was dark by the time they left the golf course for the mile walk. At the fraternity house they joined the crowd again, and went down to the village for an early dinner.

"Like your Christmas present, Beck?" her mother whispered in the restaurant.

"Love it!" she answered. She was thankful her mother asked her then, for it was the last comfortable moment she had for many, many hours.

It began in the restaurant. Her feet gradually ceased to

be stumps and became throbbing engines that pumped misery throughout her entire body: throb, throb.

"Why aren't you eating, dear?" her mother asked.

"I am," Beck insisted; then, because her lip trembled, she explained, "It's just my feet, after the cold."

"I know, we chaperons went to see the statues and mine hurt, too, terribly," comforted her mother. "It's the circulation returning."

They got into the torchlight parade, carrying kerosene flares on sticks, and singing as they marched. It was all Beck could do to hold back the tears as she lumbered along in the gaily chanting procession. Each step shot a knife-blade into her. When they passed the flood lights where sat the judges, intent on selecting the queen, Beck slunk past, face averted. She no longer had any desire to be a queen, all she wanted was the will to keep going, and not be a pest.

THIS show, viewed from a grandstand built on the hill-side, was laid in the Arctic with an artificial lake, igloos, Eskimos, and penguins, but to Beck it was a confusion of anguish. Colored lights flashed in her tired brain, choruses seemed to increase the stabbing pain, the blades of the exhibition skaters cut across her feet. Tears poured down her face and froze so that she had to screw up her cheeks and brush away the icicles. The queen was announced—no one she knew—and brought in, in triumph. Would the show ever be over! Finally the performance culminated in a glittering burst of noisy fireworks and everyone said, "Wasn't it gorgeous!"

Then came the torturesome trudge back to the fraternity house.

"Give you half an hour to get into your glad-rags," Jim said.

Beck nodded and clumped upstairs. Her dressing room was now in a state of mad confusion. The contents of five suit cases were spilt over the floor, dresses and suits covered all the chairs. She cleared a corner of the couch and sank

down. Other girls dashed in and pulled off their ski suits, too busy to talk. Beck wondered if, when she took off her boot, her toes would come off, too. She unloosened the leather thongs and made the test. No, they were still secure and hard as rocks. Wriggling out of her suit and into her bath robe, she went to the wash-room and let cold water run on her feet.

"I got my toes frost-bitten once," a girl said.

"What did you do?"

"Can't do anything but grin and bear it," the girl answered, and went off with her soap and towel.

Beck dressed herself somehow. Tenderly she pulled on the chiffon stockings, and carelessly dropped the borrowed velvet dress over her head. Even the long folds that fell to the floor no longer meant a thing, and she didn't bother to dig the earrings out of the suit case. The Cleopatra sandals . . . how could she? The answer was, she couldn't. They were twenty—a hundred—sizes too small. She longed for the privilege of creeping upstairs to bed.

"Ready, dear?"

"Almost." She mustn't let her mother know, let anyone know—not yet. So she painfully poked her feet into her overshoes. They were soft and cool.

She loved *The Mikado*. She even laughed and almost forgot her misery. Chuck Harper was adorable as a Chinaman! Oh, if only she might sit there until the train was ready to pull out Sunday! But in no time the final curtain fell, and the audience scrambled out to go on with their fun.

As they returned to the fraternity house, yellow lights streamed across the snow, the Indian held his ice tomahawk poised as if he, too, enjoyed the jazz orchestra playing within. But Beck knew she had gone as far as she could—there would be no dancing for her.

"I suppose, dear, you'll want to stay up as long as any of them," sighed her mother.

Then she confessed the truth. She tried to make light of it, but her mother insisted on having a doctor—a doctor at midnight for frost-bitten toes! But there was no stopping her. So Jim had to be told, and he did the telephoning. After that everyone, every single person in the fraternity house, knew.

They were all very nice to her—too nice, just as you would be nice to a baby with the colic. She sat, a prisoner, on the library couch along with the chaperons who were playing bridge, with a jig-saw puzzle provided by one of the boys—nothing more than a kid sister.

SHE listened to the syncopated orchestra, the thump of the big drum, the wail of the saxophone, and her heart was sick with disappointment. And it was not only the dance tonight, but the hike tomorrow, the ski jumping, the tea dance, the . . . Maybe it would be best not to get up tomorrow morning at all.

The violinist broke into song, scraping his fiddle and tapping with his bow.

"Hurrah for Jake!" shouted the boys. Jake seemed to be quite a person. Every so often they called, "Come on, Jake, give us another!" And he always did.

"Want me to put you in a chair near the door?" Mother asked, but Beck shook her head. She wasn't advertising the fact that Jim's sister, the pest, was there.

It was two o'clock by the time the doctor left after binding her toes in ointment and agreeing with the girl that there wasn't much else to do. There was an intermission in the dancing, and every- (Continued on page 47)

"WE PLEDGE OUR ALLEGIANCE, O QUEEN," HE SAID, SOLEMNLY BOWING





THE LETTER

Jessie interprets the law in her own way and makes a startling discovery

OF THE LAW
By MARY CONOVER

THE WOMAN STARED WHILE JESSIE'S BACK STIFFENED. "HOW COME YOU TO HAVE A DOLLAR BILL?" SHE DEMANDED

IT was Christmas Eve, and snowing. Six o'clock bells were pealing over the city as Alice Buckley threaded her way up Bergen Avenue through the holiday crowds. Small lighted shops shouldered one another, their windows filled with cheap toys, and fragrant Christmas trees stood in rows along the sidewalk.

The street was jammed with automobiles, trucks, and clanging trolley cars. At a corner, amid a give-and-take of violent language, a policeman was freeing a pushcart man from the traffic in which he was entangled. And in the distance, from one of the city squares, like a gentle voice reprobining the noise and confusion, Alice could distinguish the chimes of her own church—where she was a social worker—proclaiming with measured sweetness:

"O, little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!"

Two blocks farther up the crowded way the girl turned into Division Street where lived old "Auntie" Bascom with her grand-nephews, Harmon and Herbie, and her grand-niece, Jessie. Alice enjoyed her parish calls on the Bascom family for she admired Auntie's gallant spirit and delighted

in her funny talk. Today she was taking her a gray shoulder shawl as a Christmas present.

In contrast to the Avenue, Division Street was dim and quiet. The shops were few and faintly lighted, their windows so white with frost that one could scarcely see the pathetic wares inside. At Springele's candy store, a row of red-and-white peppermint canes hung on a string above the rubber dolls and saucers of jelly-beans.

As Alice walked on, the street grew darker. Lamp posts were farther apart. Before the Bascom tenement she paused to be certain that she had chosen the right house, for all the forlorn tenements in the row were alike.

A sudden chuckle sounded from a dark, frozen alley leading to the rear of the building, and a tiny girl sprang out, seized Alice by the sleeve and hung on her arm. "Hello, Miss Buckley! Are you goin' in by Auntie?"

Jessie Bascom, youngest of Auntie's tribe, was a girl of eight, but no taller than a child of five. Her face was tragically narrow, but there was a deep rose flush in her cheeks, and her small dark eyes were bright and alert. Her brown hair was parted in the middle and braided into an absurd pigtail

behind. The pink tape which tied it had been plaited in with the hair, and the pigtail was turned up in a round lump at the end. She wore a surprising woolen coat, striped black and orange, and high-buttoned shoes, sizes too big. Emerging from this footgear, her crooked little legs suggested a pair of puny plants set in large flowerpots.

Dainty Alice Buckley, with her smart clothes and sympathetic ways, was Jessie's idol. Pushing open the street door, the little girl scrambled ahead up two dark flights which ended under the wan radiance of a skylight. She wrestled with the high knob of a door, and burst into the Bascom kitchen. "Here's Miss Buckley come by us, Auntie!"

Auntie Bascom, a tall, spare old woman in steel-rimmed spectacles, had "redded up" the kitchen for Christmas. The floor was scrubbed to whiteness, and the washtubs were piled together in a corner. A red cloth adorned the table, and Auntie was laying out supper. In honor of the holiday, she wore a black dress and a clean apron. A large celluloid button printed with black letters fastened her collar.

She beamed on Alice and placed a chair near the kerosene



Illustrated by LESLIE TURNER

lamp. "Set right down, Miss Buckley. I'm glad to see yeh."

The gift was duly presented, and received with cheerful thanks. As Auntie stooped to examine it under the lamp, the light fell on the celluloid button at her throat.

"Happy Hustling Houston For Me!" Alice read aloud, laughing. "For goodness' sake, Auntie!"

Auntie Bascom laughed, too. "Someun give it to Harmon," she explained. "It comes in right handy."

"How is Harmon?" asked the girl, making conversation.

"He's well, like he allus is," the old woman answered with scant enthusiasm. "I ain't no call to complain o' Harmon, for he don't never give me no real trouble. Harmon's a good boy, but he don't do nothin' but eat. Ever sence he was a baby he ain't done nothin' but jest et. He'll set down an' eat four o' them snake-buns"—she pointed to a plate of spiral cinnamon-buns on the red cloth—"afore yeh can say 'git out.' It's awful expensive, Miss Buckley."

"How's Herbie? I saw him on the street yesterday."

Auntie's face brightened. "Herbie's got a job. Down to Fishback's Market. He works fer 'em after school an' all day Sat'day. They gives 'im a dollar a week, an' he brings it right home. That's a lot better'n havin' 'im jest a-hangin' round, wearin' out his pants turnin' somersets. Did you see 'em give out the prizes to Sunday School last week? They give Herbie one. Not a whole Bible, yeh know. Jest one o' them little Testimonies."

Alice's eyes twinkled. "I see Jessie's all right," she remarked, rising.

JESSIE don't grow no bigger." Auntie Bascom turned and appraised the little girl through her glasses. "I bought her that coat three year ago—they asked me two and a half fer it—an' she ain't outgrown it yet." She spoke with a certain pride of Jessie's considerate restraint in the matter of growing.

With back against the hall-door, Jessie wriggled to get in a word. "Ain't yeh goin' t' show her the Chris'mus tree?" she questioned urgently.

"Lan' sakes, I most fergot!" Pushing open another door, Auntie led Alice into the fireless front room. At this season of the year a glimpse of the Christmas tree was a bit of hospitality never overlooked in Division Street.

The Christmas tree stood in the bay window, a puny thing, smothered in cotton snow and silver rain. A pasteboard Santa Claus presided at the top, and there were three pasteboard angels among the branches, and a candy cane. At the foot, with back against the trunk, Jessie's old rag-doll, "Vi'let," sat on a square of cotton batting sprinkled with cedar moth crystals.

"Them children ain't never ben without a Chris'mus tree sence I took 'em," Auntie said with satisfaction, straightening an angel. "But this year it didn't cost me nothin'. Herbie, he found this one in a ashcan up to Bergen Avenue. It's a good tree, too. There's only one side broke. I allus tell them boys tain't wrong t' take nothin' outen a ash can. That ain't stealin', I sez."

With her arm thrown adoringly about Alice's waist, Jessie looked up at her face for confirmation of this comfortable doctrine.

Alice turned to go. "You're safe there, Auntie. I wouldn't call it stealing, either, to take something out of an ashcan!"

She paused at the top of the stairs for a parting admonition. "Don't forget the Christmas party at the church

tomorrow afternoon, Jessie—you and Herbie. Harmon's to come to the older children's party on Friday. Good-bye, Auntie! Merry Christmas!"

CHRISTMAS ASH CANS ARE APT TO BE EXCITING AND FULL OF SURPRISES. JESSIE GAVE A SHARP JERK AND PULLED SOMETHING OUT OF THE CRAMMED DEPTHS

Late on Christmas afternoon the children's party at the church was nearing its close. The scufflings and shouts of the peanut-hunt, and the crashing of "Going to Jerusalem" chairs were hushed. The climax of the function had been reached—refreshments were being served.

Alice stood by the table in the kitchen cutting ice cream bricks into slices. Another of the church girls, Natalie Graves, was laying a spoon and a piece of chocolate cake on each plate. Mr. Peebles, the fat old colored sexton, passed the finished plates through the open door into the church parlors to the young women who were serving inside.

Through the door at the other end of the kitchen Alice could see, as she worked, a large light-blue doll carriage parked in the hallway. It belonged to Frieda Stradling, one of the children. On her way to the party in the early afternoon, she had met Frieda trundling the carriage down the hill through the too-narrow path shoveled between snowdrifts.

AT the party it had become evident that Frieda's Christmas doll was bigger than any received by the other little girls, and no other had been favored with a carriage. Alice could see Frieda now, seated in the parlor amid an admiring group, dandling her huge pink baby-doll on her knee. She was holding to the doll's mouth a bit of ice cream in the tip of a spoon.

And, from her vantage point at the kitchen table, Alice saw something else. She saw little Jessie Bascom with her big shoes and funny pigtail come softly out of the parlor and into the hall. Looking around furtively, as though to be sure that she was alone, Jessie flew to the doll carriage and examined it. She trundled it up and down with stealthy haste. Stopping, she worked the canvas top back and forth on its hinges more violently than Frieda would have approved. Her silent excitement and shining eyes troubled Alice. It was evident that she was covetously imagining herself wheeling out Vi'let on Division Street.

The study door at the far end of the hall opened and young Mrs. Hollister came out. Hearing the creak of the door, Jessie slipped back into the parlor.

In the kitchen, Mrs. Hollister dropped into a chair beside Alice. "Do give me some ice cream, Alice. I'm exhausted. I've been slaving all the afternoon cutting and pasting those red and green paper caps for the Friday party. Altogether I've made a hundred and forty." She turned to the sexton. "Oh, Mr. Peebles, you can clean up the study now, if you want to. I'm through."

She helped herself to a piece of cake. "If there's one thing that makes me mad," she exclaimed, critical in her fatigue, "it is to have the older children come to the little children's party, pretending to bring them and take them home, just to get refreshments. It's a regular racket. That big Harmon Bascom's been hanging around the church all the afternoon. As if Herbie and Jessie couldn't manage by themselves!"

Presently she put down her plate and rose. "I must go home. Come on, Natalie, I'll take you back in my car."

They said good-bye and left the kitchen. The party was over now, and the children were flocking into the church-yard, each one carrying an orange, and a cornucopia of candies. The doors leading into the outer vestibule, held by heavy springs, banged and slammed as the successive groups struggled through. Armed with brush and dustpan, Mr. Peebles vanished to do Mrs. Hollister's bidding.



THE LOWER HALF OF MR. PEEBLES'S STOUT FORM, DOWN ON ALL FOURS, PROJECTED FROM ONE OF THE CLOSETS LIKE THE BACK OF A FAT WOODCHUCK, HALF WAY IN AND HALF OUT OF ITS HOLE

Alice had had a long afternoon and felt the need of nourishment. Slipping into a chair, she was cutting herself a thick slice from a softening brick of ice cream, delicious in pink, white and chocolate, when Harmon Bascom loitered in.

"How do, Miss Buckley. Can I do sumpin to help yeh?" His eyes fastened themselves on the ice cream.

Alice regarded him disapprovingly. "You oughtn't to be here, Harmon. This is the younger children's party. But I hate to send you home without any ice cream when there's nearly a whole brick left."

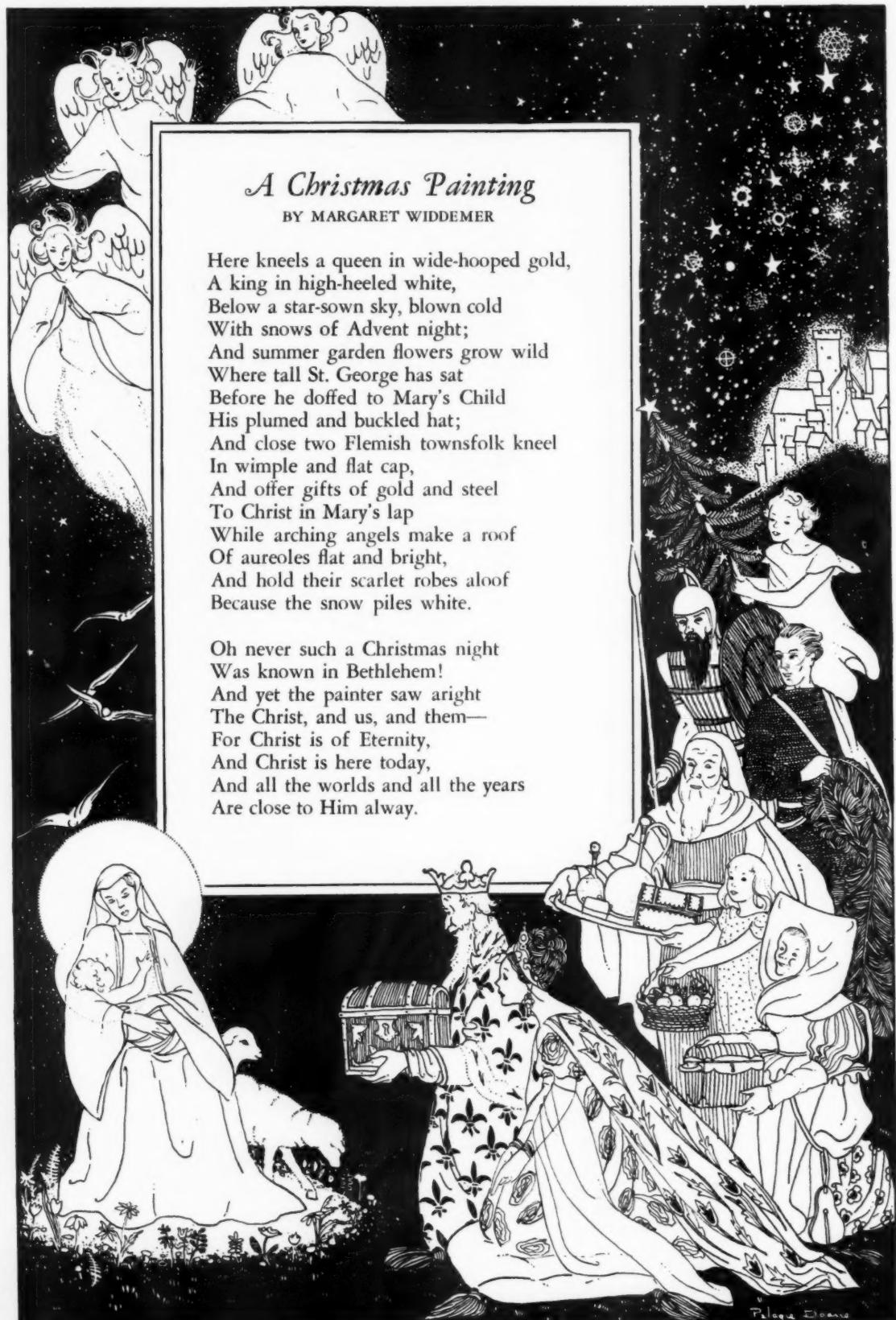
Harmon took the proffered plate eagerly and the delectable slice disappeared into his being. Thanking Alice with fervor, he creaked out on squeaking shoes.

"I'm simply dead," Alice murmured to herself, "but I'm going to stop and wash up the dishes for Mr. Peebles. Sometimes I think we forget that he's an old man and that Christmas is hard on him."

WHILE Alice carried out her kindly thought in the church, history, as was revealed to her later, was in the making outside.

Jessie, in her striped coat, and Herbie, an apple-cheeked youngster of eleven, tumbled out into the courtyard along with the other children.

All the boys went at once into a huddle, each striving to hold in his mouth at one time more candies from his cornucopia than any other in the group. Georgie Moscowitz, the challenger, proved also to be the winner. Speechless, with staring eyes and cheeks bulging, he pointed to his lips with a wildly wagging forefinger. (*Continued on page 37*)



A Christmas Painting

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

Here kneels a queen in wide-hooped gold,
A king in high-heeled white,
Below a star-sown sky, blown cold
With snows of Advent night;
And summer garden flowers grow wild
Where tall St. George has sat
Before he doffed to Mary's Child
His plumed and buckled hat;
And close two Flemish townsfolk kneel
In wimple and flat cap,
And offer gifts of gold and steel
To Christ in Mary's lap
While arching angels make a roof
Of aureoles flat and bright,
And hold their scarlet robes aloof
Because the snow piles white.

Oh never such a Christmas night
Was known in Bethlehem!
And yet the painter saw aright
The Christ, and us, and them—
For Christ is of Eternity,
And Christ is here today,
And all the worlds and all the years
Are close to Him alway.

CHRISTMAS

★ ON PARADISE ★



Blue Maine stars snapping like sapphires, snow like crushed diamonds on green spruce boughs—only a salt-water farm on the Maine coast could grow a Christmas like the one described

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

If you want to have a Christmas like the one we had on Paradise Farm when I was a boy, you will have to hunt up a salt-water farm on the Maine coast, with bays on both sides of it, and a road that goes around all sorts of bays, up over Misery Hill and down, and through the fir trees so close together that they brush you and your horse on both cheeks. That is the only kind of place a Christmas like that grows. You must have a clear December night, with blue Maine stars snapping like sapphires with the cold, and the big moon flooding full over Misery, and lighting up the snowy spruce boughs like crushed diamonds. You ought to be wrapped in a buffalo robe to your nose, and be sitting in a family pung, and have your breath trailing along with you as you slide over the dry, whistling snow. You will have to sing the songs we sang, "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen" and "Joy to the World," and you will be able to see your songs around you in the air like blue smoke. That's the only way to come to a Paradise Christmas.

And you really should cross over at least one broad bay on the ice, and feel the tide rifts bounce you as the runners slide over them. And if the whole bay booms out, every now and then, and the sound echoes around the wooded islands for miles, you will be having the sort of ride we loved to take from town, the night before Christmas.

I won't insist on your having a father like ours to drive you home to your Christmas. One with a wide moustache full of icicles, and eyes like the stars of the morning. That would be impossible, anyway, for there has been only one of him in the world. But it is too bad, just the same. For you won't have the stories we had by the fireplace. You won't

Illustrated by
THE AUTHOR

hear about Kitty Wells who died beautifully in song just as the sun came over the tops of the eastern mountains and just after her lover had named the wedding day, and you will not hear how Kitty's departure put an end to his mastering the banjo:

"But death came in my cabin door
"And took from me my joy, my pride,
"And when they said she was no more,
"I laid my banjo down and cried."

But you will be able to have the rooms of the farmhouse banked with emerald jewels clustered on bayberry boughs, clumps of everlasting roses with gold spots in the middle of them, tree evergreens, and the evergreen that runs all over the Maine woods and every so often puts up a bunch of palm leaves. And there will be rose-hips stuck in pine boughs. And caraway seeds in every crust and cookie in the place.

An aunt should be on hand, an aunt who believes in yarrow tea and the Bible as the two things needed to keep children well. She will read the Nativity story aloud to the family, hurrying over the really exciting parts that happened at the stable, and bearing down hard on what the angels had to say and the more edifying points that might be supposed to improve small boys who like to lie too long abed in the mornings. She will put a moral even into Christmas greens, and she will serve well as a counter-irritant to the overeating of mince pies. She will insist on all boys' washing behind their ears, and that will keep her days full to the brim.

The Christmas tree will be there, and it will have a top so high that it will have to be bent over and run along the



NETC

THERE WILL BE COUSINS BY THE CART LOAD—THE SIZE YOU CAN SIT ON, AND THE SIZE THAT CAN SIT ON YOU!

ceiling of the sitting room. It will be the best fir tree of the Paradise forests, picked from ten thousand almost perfect ones, and every bough on it will be like old-fashioned fans wide open. You will have brought it home that very morning, on the sled, from Dragonfly Spring.

Dragonfly Spring was frozen solid to the bottom, and you could look down into it and see the rainbows where you dented it with your copper-toed boots, see whole ferns caught motionless in the crystal deeps, and a frog, too, down there, with hands just like a baby's on him. Your small sister—the one with hair like new honey laid open in the middle of a honeycomb—had cried out, "Let's dig him up and take him home and warm his feet!" (She is the same sister who ate up all your more vivid pastel crayons when you were away at school, and then ate up all the things you had been pretty

sure were toadstools in Bluejay Woods, when you were supposed to be keeping an eye on her, but were buried so deep in "Mosses from an Old Manse" that you couldn't have been dug up with horses and oxen.)

Your dog, Snoozer, who is a curious and intricate combination of many merry pugs and many mournful hounds, was snuffing all the time, hot on the feather-stitching the mice had made from bush to bush while you were felling the Christmas tree. A red squirrel was taking a white-pine cone apart on a hemlock bough, and telling Snoozer what he thought of him and all other dogs, the hour or so you were there.

THREE will be a lot of aunts in the house besides the Biblical one. Aunts of every complexion and cut. Christmas is the one time that even the most dubious of aunts take on value. One of them can make up wreaths, another can make rock candy that puts a tremble on the heart, and still another can steer your twelve-seater bob-sled—and turn it over, bottom up, with you all in just the right place for a fine spill.

There will be uncles, too, to hold one end of the molasses taffy you will pull sooner or later, yanking it out till it flashes and turns into cornsilk that almost floats in the air, tossing your end of it back and probably lassoing your uncle around his neck as you do it, and pulling out a new rope of solid honey.

The uncles will smoke, too, and that will be a help to all the younger brothers who have been smoking their acorn-pipes out in the woodshed, and who don't want their breaths to give them away. The uncles will make themselves useful in other ways. They will rig up schooners no bigger than your thumb, with shrouds like cobwebs; they will mend the bob-sled, tie up cut fingers, and sew on buttons after you shin up to the cupola in the barn; and—if you get on the good side of them—they will saw you up so much birch wood that you won't have to lay hand to a bucksaw till New Year's.

There will be cousins by the cart load. He-ones and she-ones. The size you can sit on, and the size that can sit on you. Enough for two armies, on Little Round Top and on Big, up in the haymow. You will play Gettysburg there till your heads are full of hay chaff that will keep six aunts busy cleaning it out. And then you will come in to the house and down a whole crock of molasses cookies—the kind that go up in peaks in the middle—which somebody was foolish enough to leave the cover off.

Every holiday that came along, in my father's house, was the gathering of an Anglo-Saxon clan. My father was built for lots of people 'round him. But Christmas was a whole assembly of the West Saxons! My father wanted people in squads. There were men with wide moustaches and men with smooth places on top of their heads, women wide and narrow. Cousins of the second and third water, even, were there. Hired men, too. They were special guests and had to be handled with kid gloves, as New England hired men must. They had to have the best of everything, and you could not find fault with them, as you could with uncles, if they smacked you for upsetting their coffee into their laps. Babies were underfoot in full cry. The older children hunted in packs. The table had to be pieced out with flour barrels and bread boards and ironing boards. It was a house's length from the head of the table, where your father sat and manufactured the roast up into slivers, to your mother dishing out the pork gravy. Whole geese disappeared on the way down. The Christmas cake, which had been left sweetly to itself for a month to age into a miracle, was a narrow isthmus when it got to Mother. But Mother always said that Christmas, to her, was watching other people eat. She was the kind of mother who claimed that the neck and the back of the chicken were the tastiest parts. (*Continued on page 39*)

CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR ELLEN

Illustrated by
HENRIETTA McCAGI STARRETT

TWENTY-FOUR dollars for this fine oil painting! Twenty-four dollars!" droned the sad-faced auctioneer. "Who'll bid twenty-five?"

As Ellen Wakefield caught his roving eye and nodded, the auctioneer's face and voice took on new spirit.

"I am offered twenty-five dollars! Any more?" he asked hopefully of the men and women in the large reception room. "Who'll bid twenty-six?"

But, no one else proving interested in this relic of the old Tuttle homestead, the melancholy auctioneer's hammer fell sharply.

"Sold! To the young lady in the yellow hat for twenty-five dollars."

From the rear of the room came a raucous laugh.

"That," said Ellen grimly to Hedda Vaughn whose blond head also turned quickly toward the guffaw, "sounds suspiciously like Tank Beegle."

"It does," agreed Hedda.

"It is!"

Ellen's brown eyes had searched out the familiar, tall figure pushing through the crowd. And at Tank's elbow was Bilge Wyeth, face lighted with a smile as broad as his companion's.

"For once old Eagle-Eye's eyes deceived her!" chortled Tank as Ellen signed the paper that made her legal owner of the massively framed painting which the auctioneer's assistant had carried to her. "You're stuck, and stuck right!"

Ellen became suddenly alert. Under Tank's arm was a thick book, and it was utterly unlike Tank to carry literature of any kind.

"Why do you think we've wasted our money?" she asked cautiously.

"Because that old chromo isn't worth more than the frame."

Hedda could not restrain herself.

"That chromo," she announced triumphantly, "happens to be the portrait of Israel T. Milbrook! And it's worth many times what we paid for it!"

Ellen had regained her poise.

"Just a little treasure that's been lying under people's noses for almost two hundred years, without even you, who know everything," she said, smiling saccharinely, "recognizing it."

Again Tank guffawed, so loudly that the sad-faced auctioneer paused to eye the group.

"Come outside," urged Tank, pulling the book from under his arm.

As the girls, between them, lugged the heavy picture down the snow-filled driveway of the old colonial mansion to Ellen's parked roadster, they made every effort to ignore the boys. But Tank kept up a running fire of chatter.

"Had it up your sleeves to be the big shots of Milbrook's



WITH EXAGGERATED CARE, TANK OPENED THE ANCIENT VOLUME

A new Ellen Wakefield story in which Tank Beegle discovers, to his discomfiture, the truth in the old saying, "He laughs best who laughs last"

By CHARLES G. MULLER

bicentennial celebration, eh? Thought you'd panic the alumni, in assembly hall Christmas night, by presenting the one and only portrait of old Israel T. Milbrook himself? See your names in the paper: 'Girls Uncover Two-Hundred-Year-Old Picture as Milbrook School Pays Homage to Founder'?"

Putting the portrait into the car, the girls turned on the jibing youth.

"This will be the big news of the school celebration!" declared Hedda.

"And if we've found what nobody else ever has been able to locate, why shouldn't we make a fuss about it?" Ellen demanded.

With exaggerated care, Tank opened his book. Slowly, as if to torture the pair, he turned the pages. Then, winking broadly at Bilge Wyeth, he turned the book around and pointed.

"Cast your eyes on that!"

On the page which Tank held out was an exact reproduction of the portrait the girls had just put inside their car. Beneath the picture, they read:

"John Galladow, gentleman smuggler and pirate. About 1740."

Ellen Wakefield's poise vanished.

"Where did you get that book?" she cried, tugging it

from Tank. "Was it in the sale?"

"Bought it here yesterday in a job lot." Tank bowed. "And because you're always talking about unburied treasure lying around waiting for people to stumble over it, Bilge and I glanced through this worm-eaten tome. We found treasure, all right!"

He climbed into his car with Bilge.

"Twenty-five dollars for the picture of a pirate, eh!" He waved grandly. "So that you can always prove how you squandered twenty-five bucks, Eagle-Eye, accept the book—as a Christmas present from two old and sincere admirers!"

To Ellen's sensitive ear, Tank Beegle's laugh as he stepped on the starter sounded more unpleasant than ever.

Lifting her slim body from behind the wheel of her car as they reached Hedda Vaughn's house, Ellen pushed open the front door. Her brown eyes wore a troubled look. Months of hard work appeared to have gone for nothing . . . days and weeks of running down a single clue that finally had led to the purchase of the portrait that afternoon.

WHEN Milbrook School had announced plans to celebrate the two-hundredth year of its founding, Ellen had had what Hedda agreed was a brilliant idea—to present a picture of the founder. The only hitch had been that no such picture was known to exist. But that had not fazed the girls.

From Ezra Patch, white-haired secretary of the Milbrook Historical Society, they uncovered the fact that a portrait of the school's founder once had been recorded. But it had disappeared. For nearly two hundred years, no one had seen it.

"We'd give a lot to find it," the secretary had said.

Like two detectives unraveling tangled clues, they had run down lead after lead. And three months of digging into the old town records, searching original homesteads, and talking with the oldest inhabitants, had convinced the girls that the massive and ornate gold frame—so badly chipped—that lay in the Tuttle attic held the long-lost portrait. When, apparently, no one else recognized it and so let it go for twenty-five dollars at the auction, their joy had been unbounded—until Tank Beegle's bolt out of a clear sky.

"But I still think it's Milbrook," insisted Hedda that evening, as the pair gazed sadly at the "chromo" perched on Hedda's bedroom bureau.

Ellen was practical.

"I've compared it with the picture in Tank's book a million times since dinner," she said. "It's that pirate Galladown, sure enough."



Hedda refused to be convinced by this logical conclusion. "The book could be wrong!"

Idly thumbing through the book's pages, Ellen shook her head sadly. Then, of a sudden, her eyes lighted.

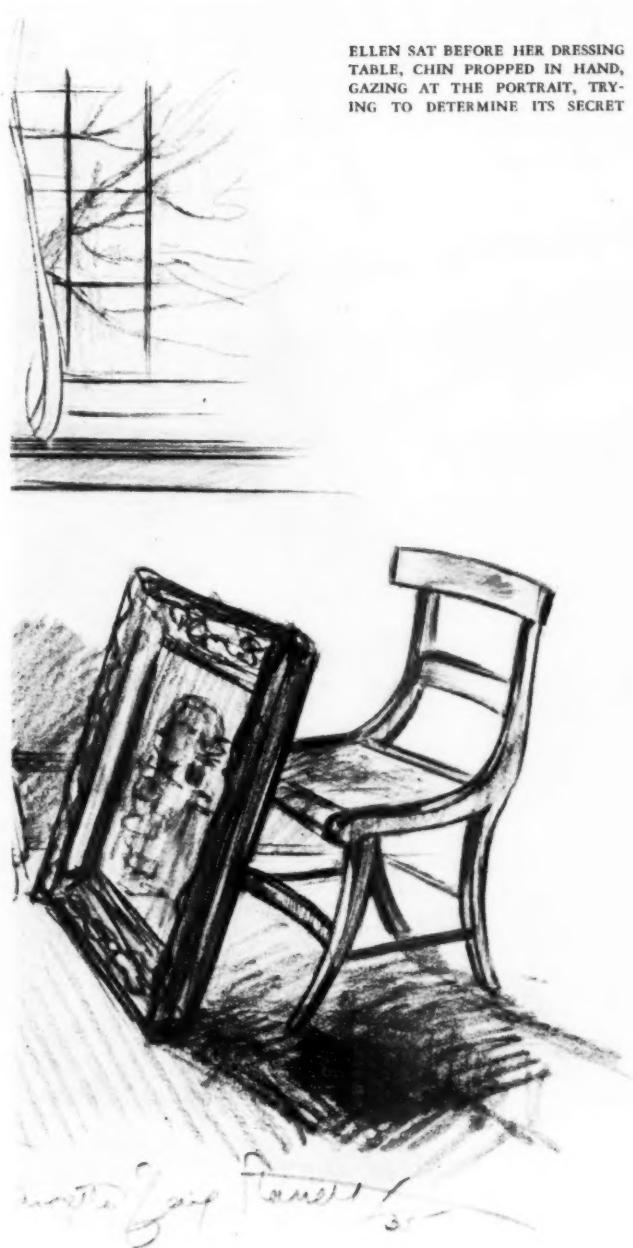
"Why didn't we think of that before?" she cried.

"Think of what?"

Putting the book flat on the bureau, Ellen ran her finger over a paragraph on the page following the Galladown picture. She read jubilantly:

"Of the portrait of Israel T. Milbrook, there is a tantalizing sentence in a letter from Galladown to a friend in England. 'And of all the treasure I ever buried,' wrote the gentleman adventurer, 'the safest probably is my old enemy Milbrook. Even his family can't find him now!'"

"What does it mean?" begged Hedda. "Tell me!"



"That Galladow had his picture painted over Milbrook's!" cried Ellen. "The one we want is underneath."

Hedda shook her head.

"That's too old a trick."

Ellen was lifting the picture from the bureau.

"Certainly it's old. But two hundred years ago most people didn't suspect a trick like that." She was lugging the portrait toward the door. "We'll get Ezra Patch to use some of his chemicals on it. Open that door, quick!"

When the secretary of the Historical Society, his white hair hanging down over surprised eyes, carefully prepared his equipment to rub off a corner of the Galladow painting, Ellen Wakefield could hardly hold her excitement in.

"We won't say a word to Tank or anybody else," she said exuberantly. "And on Christmas night when the last

ELLEN SAT BEFORE HER DRESSING TABLE, CHIN PROPPED IN HAND, GAZING AT THE PORTRAIT, TRYING TO DETERMINE ITS SECRET

speech has been made, we'll just walk down the aisle and present the portrait!"

Hedda was equally thrilled. Her blue eyes, too, were lighted at the thought of turning the tables on Tank Beagle and Bilge Wyeth.

"For once in their lives," she said eagerly, "they'll have to admit they don't know everything!"

But when Ezra Patch's chemicals had cleaned off a very small section of the paint, the old man shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Miss Wakefield," he said, "but there's nothing underneath."

Spirits that had risen high plummeted to earth. Ellen bent over the portrait. Above the area just cleaned, she held a magnifying glass. As Ezra Patch said, there was nothing on the canvas.

TURNING Tank Beagle's book to the page she and Hedda had hoped held the clue they sought, Ellen read the vital passage to the old man. He merely hitched up his baggy trousers and shrugged his shoulders.

"Guess Galladow hid the picture somewhere else," he commented. Then, his expression softening, he examined the book closely. "That's a right rare book you've got there."

But Ellen, having picked up the heavy painting, hardly heard. And Hedda, taking the book from the old man, ran to hold open the door. Bitterly disappointed, both girls were silent all the way to Ellen's home—where they "parked" the portrait.

For two days they hoped against hope. Once more they pored over all the ancient records they could find in town and school archives. But nowhere could they uncover a single clue to the present whereabouts of the Milbrook picture. Always, however, Ellen kept harking back to the paragraph in Tank's book.

"Since Galladow admits he hid the portrait, we ought to be able to find it," she insisted.

But Hedda was not so optimistic, now.

"In two hundred years a lot can happen to a picture," she said. "Let's forget it."

But Ellen couldn't feel that way about it. "I've set my heart on presenting that picture to the school tomorrow night," she confessed on Christmas Eve. "We've simply got to find it!"

And when she left Hedda's to go home to help trim the family Christmas tree, Ellen still refused to give up.

As a child, Ellen Wakefield always dreamed of Santa Claus on Christmas Eve. But this Christmas Eve she had visions of pirates digging huge holes in the sand, and wandering into great caves with enormous oil paintings under their arms. And on the face of the pirate chief—who sometimes resembled the Galladow portrait, and more often looked like Tank Beagle—was a self-satisfied smirk.

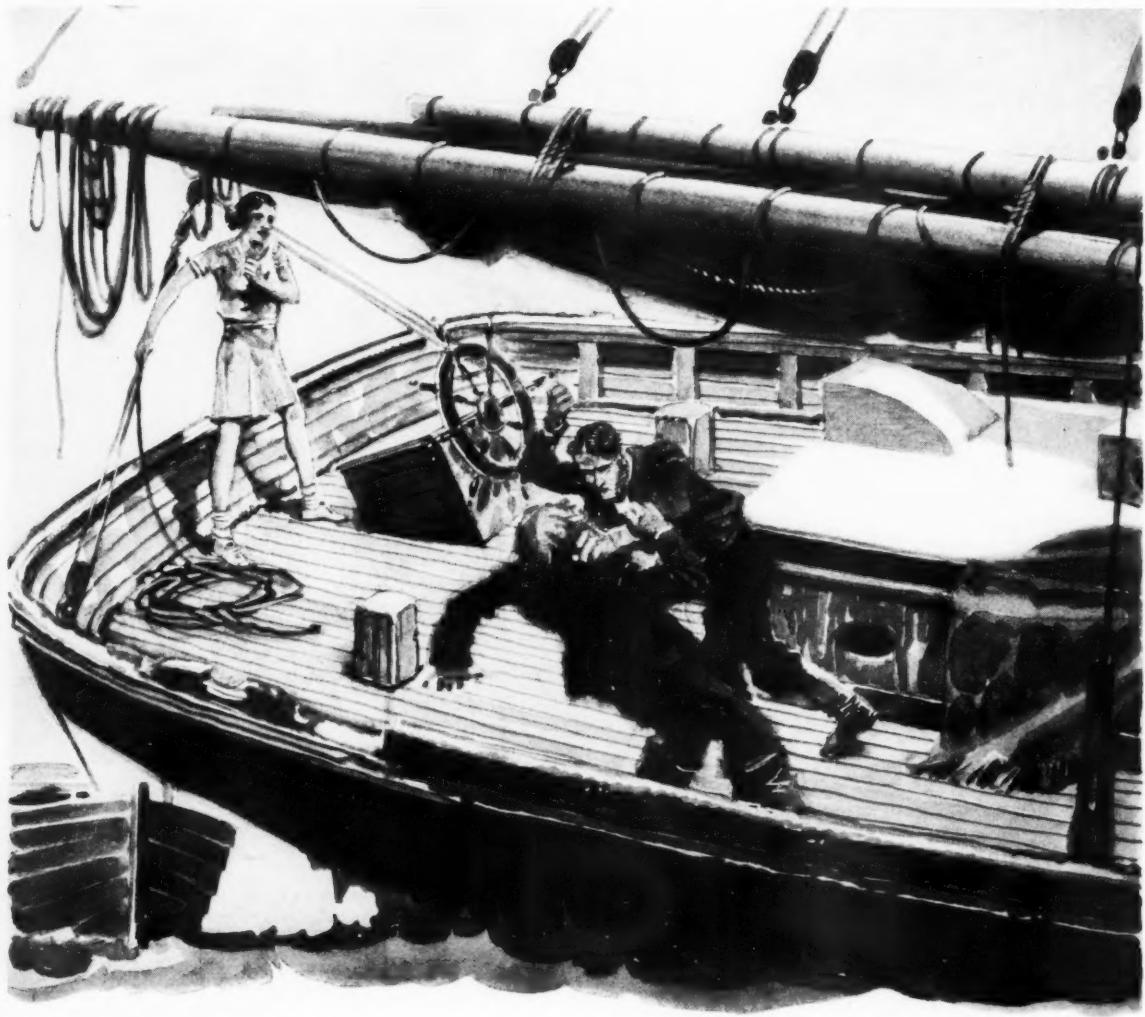
"... of all the treasure I ever buried, the safest is probably old Milbrook!" the dream pirate repeated over and over.

Christmas morning, after the Wakefield family had opened their piles of presents beneath the lighted tree, Ellen sat before her dressing table, gazing at the portrait which she had propped against a chair, as if mere will-power could force the smiling Galladow to reveal his secret. But the gentleman adventurer only smiled from his great frame.

Calling in the late afternoon to take her to supper before they went to the school celebration, Hedda Vaughn found Ellen still studying the portrait.

"Come along," urged Hedda, with attempted gaiety. "We're licked. So let's have (Continued on page 45)

TROUBLED WATERS



The Story So Far

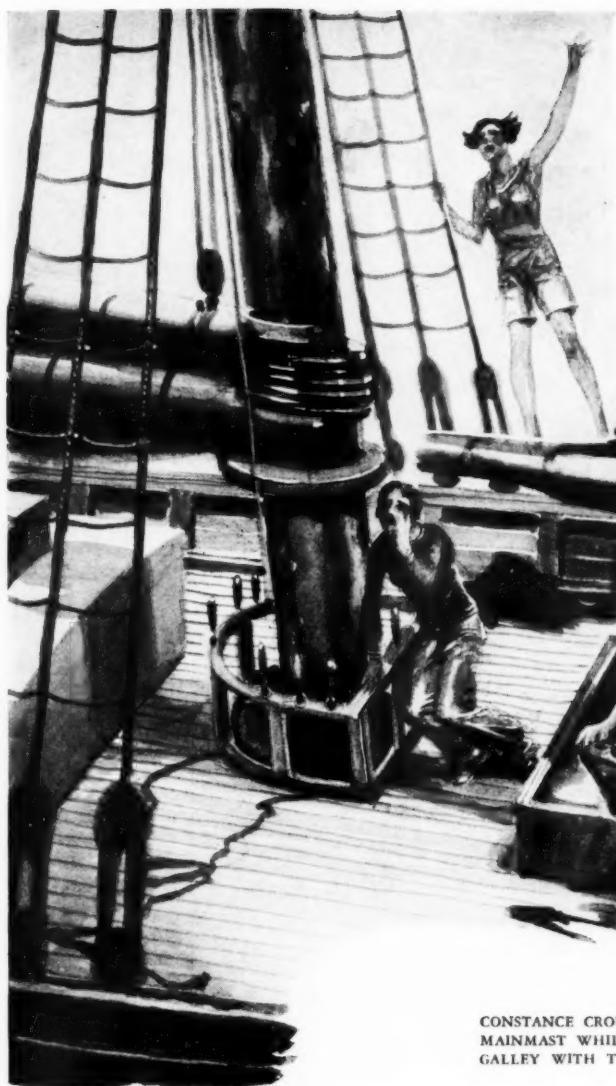
Kit and Libby Hamilton spent their summers at primitive Todd's Hole on Piper's Island. Their visiting cousin, Constance Blake, was shocked at the simplicity of the island, though she enjoyed its salty atmosphere and quaint characters—"Aunt Minnie" and Cap'n Abel Baxter, Cap'n Sol Browning and the troubled young fisherman, Bill Longman, whose nets were being cut by an unknown enemy. Nets of other fishermen were cut, too, and Cap'n Abel planned to take his old schooner, the "Minnie B.," out patrolling, but his rheumatism prevented.

With Cap'n Abel's permission, Kit, Libby, Constance, and "Jenks"—the tomboyish daughter of summer residents—camped for a week aboard the "Minnie B." which was tied up at the wharf. A fog came up and, the second night, they woke to find the schooner adrift, with bawsers cut. In spite of their valiant efforts, the "Minnie B." ran aground on an unfamiliar island. That night the fog lifted and the girls spied a lighted hut. They approached it, peering in through the window at the two men inside, whose conversation proved them to be the "demons" who had cut the nets. When one turned towards the window, Kit recognized his face.

PART SIX

THE man whose face Kit saw, as he turned in the lamplight, was Sol Browning—Cap'n Sol, that hard-working, rather silent man who had lived respected among the people of Piper's Island for all these years. It was hard to believe, but there was no doubting. A little close about his own business, but always ready to advise others, he had paid his taxes, sat on the town council, shared the ups and downs of the community. People had been glad of his slowly increasing success, jokingly envious of his car on the mainland, his fine large boat, his comfortable house. Few were ever invited to that house—but they thought that was because Sol Browning was an old bachelor with nobody to help him entertain folks, rather than that he was inhospitable.

Kit and Jenks, creeping dazedly away from the little hut in the hollow, felt as if they had received a physical blow. Till now it had been impossible, unthinkable, to mistrust anyone on Piper's Island. Once clear of the hollow, they all ran silently, arriving breathless on the moon-white beach before the "Minnie B.", with the first of the flood tide beginning to ripple against her stranded stem.



*In this last thrilling chapter of
EDITH BALLINGER PRICE'S
exciting mystery story, the girls
face new and more deadly danger*

CONSTANCE CROUCHED MISERABLY BEHIND THE
MAINMAST WHILE LIBBY DUCKED OUT OF THE
GALLEY WITH THE COFFEE-POT IN HER HAND

"He didn't see us," Kit said. "I'm dead sure of that. There's nothing on earth to do but lie low."

"But he'll see the schooner the first thing in the morning," Libby whispered. "How can he help it, now the fog's gone out?"

"Let him see," Jenks said. "He doesn't know we're aboard and, when he does, he won't know we've seen him. The old boat may give him a kind of a turn; it's sort of poetic justice, isn't it, for her to come after him when he thought he'd cut her adrift to get her out of the way?" Jenks gave a strange, gloating laugh.

"I could wish she hadn't," Kit said, wrinkling her forehead. "We've got an awful responsibility now—and I don't see just what we can do about it."

"Oh, don't do anything—don't!" Constance begged.

"But if we get back—when we get back," Kit said sternly, "we'll have to tell the authorities, of course."

"I'll say we will," Jenks agreed. "Sol Browning! I can't believe it, yet. The sneaking, close-mouthed old hypocrite. I'd like to see him stuck head-first in a lobster pot and fed to the fishes."

"Don't be medieval, Jenks," Kit remonstrated. "There's doubtless a penalty, but probably not that."

"There's something I'd like to know," Libby broke in suddenly. "Where was their boat—Cap'n Sol's boat—when we explored the place this morning? We ran all round the island, and there wasn't a sign of a boat on the beach."

"That's easy!" answered Kit. "They must have come in while we were asleep."

"Speaking of sleep, I'm going to bed again," Jenks announced, yawning. "I'd only just started sleeping. We can't get away, and we can't do anything, and just because that critter is gloating in his little hideout yonder, I'm not going to sit up biting my nails all night."

So this is where he goes," Kit reflected, "when we think he's busy on mainland for days at a time. Camps out here; sneaks out and cuts people's nets; creeps back and turns the *Minnie B.* adrift. He thought it was a good idea—Cap'n Abel's patrolling plan; he said he was 'back of it,' you remember."

But she was talking to the moonlight, as the others had drifted quietly away and were rolling themselves in the blankets they had dragged from below. For this was no night for the stuffy little cabin—and perhaps, too, secretly in the heart of each was the thought that they could not be so easily taken by surprise if they slept on deck. Constance



protested that she was so nervous she'd never close an eye, but she was asleep long before Kit. Libby came rather disconsolately and curled up close to her sister. Jenks's untroubled snores were the only sound aboard—a sound so resonant and hearty that Kit half feared it might be heard as far as the hut in the hollow.

KIT did not sleep well. The deck was hard, and the moon was disturbingly bright. She woke and dozed, and woke again to deeper darkness, for the moon had set at last and the stars gathered brilliance and patterned the great spaces with slowly shifting silver. Kit thought anxiously of the morrow—and unhappily of the evil in the world; evil that would allow a man to deceive his neighbors, live a lie, betray his friends, ruin a hard-working boy who was making a gallant struggle to keep his family. She found it inexpressibly sad and discouraging—such evil in God's lovely world, under the calm and unheeding cycle of the stars. She felt suddenly very lonely.

Dawn came beautifully over the water—the first visible sunrise for several days. The ragged, sandy little islet lay bare to the day; over across the blue showed the mainland. Far down the coast gleamed rosy spots that were the clus-

AS NOISELESSLY AS POSSIBLE, WITH FAST-BEATING HEARTS,
THE GIRLS CREEPT AWAY FROM THE HOUSE AND RAN SILENTLY

tered islands, Kit knew, but she was not even now sure she could pick out Piper's. This place was outside her experience—it must lie beyond the fishing-grounds, far beyond the general range of Todd's Hole usage.

And not long after the dawn came Captain Sol Browning, stepping softly and alone over the sands of his private isle. His face was grim as he gazed at the beached schooner—but with the grimness there was a certain satisfaction. It was evident that he was well pleased with the partial success of his plan to frustrate Cap'n Abel; but probably he was not altogether happy over the fact that the vessel had chosen this spot, of all others, in which to strand herself. For she was not staved in and destroyed on the rocks. She could be all too easily salvaged—and in the salvaging, there would be far too many curious people spying around on his hiding place.

Jenks had awakened, and was leaning on her elbow peering out through a scupper hole at the dark figure on the beach. Kit wriggled over beside her.

"Maybe he'll just gloat for a while, and then go back to breakfast and clear out. He must have a boat around," Jenks whispered.

But no such fortune favored the castaways. The tide had come in during the night, and was now nearly out again.

Cap'n Browning, with his long legs and his rubber boots, splashed out towards the *Minnie B.*, caught the bobstay, and hoisted himself up by the bowsprit shrouds.

"Oh, lawk!" breathed Jenks.

In another moment Sol Browning was on deck, and Kit and Jenks scrambled out of their blankets and stood up to greet him. He stopped like a stone, and every particle of color drained away from under the leathery red-brown of his sunburned face. If they had still wondered whether they had been seen the night before, this cleared any doubt.

"Why—why, gals! What in all get-out you doin' here?" Browning stammered at last.

Kit pulled herself together, trying desperately to remember that she must behave as if this were the Cap'n Sol she had always known—the man that had rented them skiffs before they owned the *Bobbys*, that had sold them clams, and told them of places to go quahauging for themselves.

"Well," she cried, hoping that the croak in her voice might sound merely as though she had just waked up, "we might ask what you're doing here."

"Just b'en lookin' at my nets," he replied at once, swallowing so that his Adam's apple jerked up and down. "Fishermen keep early hours, y' know. I often land here—it's real handy; good anchorage all the way round, an' no rocks."

"Fortunately not," Jenks remarked. "We're quietly beached, as you see. We were camping out on the old hooker down at Cap'n Abel's wharf—when somehow or other she went adrift, and we've been having quite a party in the fog ever since."

"Yes," Kit added, "we were pretty well scared for a while. Of course, if we *had* got staved up on a reef, we might all have drowned. We couldn't help thinking of that."

It was satisfactory to note that Sol Browning couldn't help thinking of it, either. His color had not returned. It was quite plain that he had not known that they were aboard when he cut the *Minnie B.* adrift. Sneak and double-dealer he might be, but he was not a murderer.

"Wal, I want to know!" he said at last, in a rather shaken voice. "Want you in luck!"

"Weren't we, though!" said Jenks ingenuously. "Will you stay to breakfast?"

BRONING moved uneasily. "Oh, oh—I got plenty breakfast, thanks," he returned hastily, "over to my—my bo't. Guess mebbe I better take you gals back to Todd's Hole, hey? Folks must be pretty tore up about you by now."

Would he really dare to take them back, Kit wondered? Yes, of course he would; no one knew or suspected. He would dare it, just as he had boldly kept on living in the midst of the people he was defrauding. At this moment Constance woke at last, and the first thing she saw, as she poked her pretty head turtlewise out of her blanket, was the tall and forbidding figure that leaned against the foremast.

"Oh!" she screamed, "he's *here!*" and pulled the blanket up again.

"What ails *her*?" Browning inquired with a scowl. Jenks, in picking up her own blanket, contrived to trip over Constance and give her a kick which she hoped would be properly interpreted. Constance rather trembly reappeared and sat up, determined to try and share the apparent unconcern of the others. Libby, who decided she would feel happier in the galley where she would not betray herself by any chance words or involuntary actions, scrambled to her feet.

I'M going to see if there's any food left," she announced. "That was the final can of beans, last night, and all the bread."

Constance straightened her quivering lip, and smiled ingratiatingly.

"We're half starved," she said sweetly. "Perhaps Captain Browning will invite us all over to break-fast in his dear little house."

The next instant she realized—or partly understood—what she had done, and sat silent, with a whitening face. A terrible stillness, which even Jenks did not try to break, settled over the deck. Watching Sol Browning's face was like watching the sure approach of an inescapable tornado. His color returned—flooded his neck with angry purple. In the darkness of his skin, his eyes glinted as pale as steel.

"What's she sayin'?" he asked coldly. "What do you know about my—house? How long you been here? You been spyan'?"

Kit rallied herself. "I think," she said desperately, "that Constance meant your house at Todd's Hole, when you run us back. We've told her what a fine old house it is."

"Yes, yes," Constance babbled. "A fine old house . . ."

"You're lyin'," Browning said levelly. "I kin see it in all yore faces. An' you're skeered. Why? What you seen? What you heard?" He took a step forward. "Where was you last night? Answer me!"

Constance, completely unnerved, took her face in her hands. Were the others going to keep standing there like stones—while this villain murdered them all, perhaps? Were they too frightened to speak?

"Oh," gasped Constance, "we know all about you—the nets and everything! And you cut the boat adrift, too. Oh, how could you—you might have killed us all!"

Jenks could easily have killed Constance at that moment.

"You *ghastly* idiot!" she whispered fiercely. But she faced Browning coolly. "Since our little friend Connie has so thoroughly spilled the beans," she said, "there's no use in pretending we don't know anything. We do. We know a lot. We could make things fairly uncomfortable for you back home, Cap'n Sol. What are you going to do about it?"

"I'll tell ye what I'm goin' to do," he said. "I'm a-goin' to take you in to Todd's Hole, like I said. And if you ever open yore mouths, any of you, to as much as whisper 'bout me, you'll wisht you *had* drowned on a reef. Mebbe I'll clear out o' Todd's Hole—I can't trust a mess of spyan' women-critters long—but till I do, you'd better fergit some things. Tain't only fishermen I (*Continued on page 45*)

Lines for A Christmas Card

BY ELIZABETH HONNESS

Star on a hillside,
Snow on a tree,
Glad thoughts winging
To you—from me.

Holly berries,
Mistletoe,
Candles gleaming
Row on row.

Friends and health,
And love and laughter,
Days for work
With sweet rest after.

Life's abundance
All the year—
This my wish for
Christmas cheer.

—LET'S MAKE SOME— ETCHINGS

by

ERNEST STOCK

IT sounds hard, doesn't it? But it really isn't when you know just how to go about it.

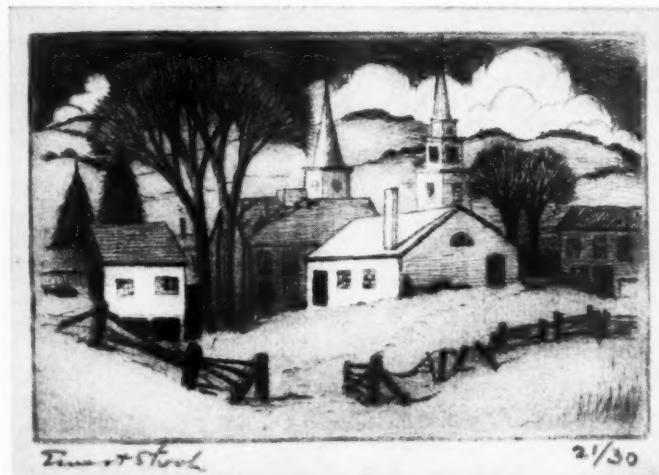
What materials are needed for making your own etchings? Some sheets of celluloid (two by four, three by four, and four by five inches will make good sizes), an etching needle, a small drawing board, a few thumb tacks, and a design to etch. You probably have a favorite snapshot of your dog or cat, or perhaps a picture of your house, a flower, or a sailing ship, that is suitable in size and not too complicated in design for a beginner. Lay the transparent celluloid over the picture you are going to etch, and you will find that it forms a perfect basis upon which to draw the lines of the picture beneath. Thumb tack both to the drawing board firmly so that they cannot slip while you are making the etching, placing the thumb tacks as shown in the diagram.

As you begin to draw with the needle on the smooth, polished celluloid, you will find that the needle scratches the surface easily, and you can see your design in thin white lines on the transparent plate. Work as if you were making a pencil drawing, or as in pen and ink, using a simple line to express your design. Shading and tone can be made with cross hatching. (Illustrated in diagram.) Do not place your lines too close together and, for a start, try not to dig too hard. A firm steady line that feels rough when you run your finger across it will hold the ink. Beware of unintentional scratches.

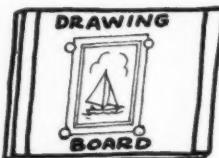
To help you get an idea of how to produce dark and light tones as lines in your etching, you might have beside you a few reproductions of etchings, or pen and ink drawings. Study them and see how the other artist got his effects. It will help surprisingly. When you think you have finished the drawing, remove the celluloid and hold it up to the light so that you can see whether or not the lines you have etched form a pleasing picture. If other lines, here and there, are needed,

*With etchings and
diagrams by the*

AUTHOR



THE ETCHINGS ON THESE PAGES WERE MADE BY THE AUTHOR
ON CELLULOID PLATES AS HE DESCRIBES IN THIS ARTICLE



CROSS HATCHING

this is the best time to add them.

The next step is to bevel the edges of the celluloid plate slightly, with a fine-toothed file, to prevent the paper from tearing as it undergoes the heavy pressure of printing. It will also make your work appear neater, and will give it the same appearance as an etching printed from a metal plate. Now you are ready to make a trial proof, but first the ink and paper must be prepared.

Cut your paper so that there will be a margin of several inches around the plate. Prepare a dozen sheets. In order to print an etching, the paper must be wet, so get

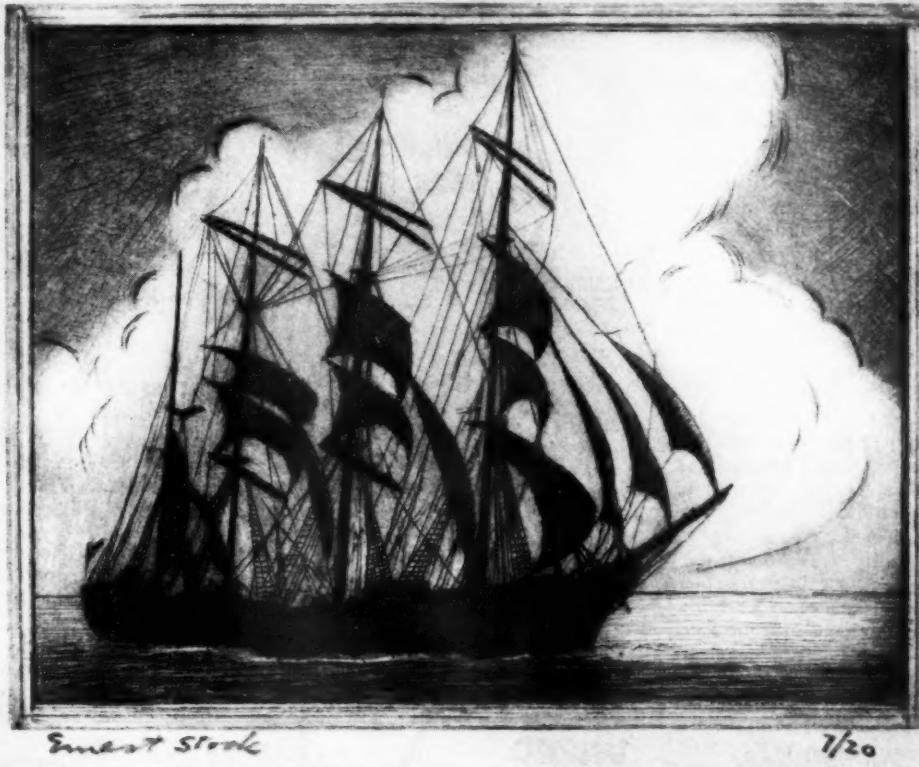
a basin, or a dish large enough to immerse all your sheets, and fill it with clean cold water. Place your paper in the water and let the sheets soak for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, until the fabric of the paper is thoroughly wet. Then take the first sheet by the thumb and forefinger of each hand at two corners, let the excess water run off, and lay it flat on a larger, clean, white blotter. Next lay another piece of blotter on top, pat it gently so that it comes into complete contact with the paper, and repeat until all your paper is between blotters.

This will remove the excess water from the surface of the paper, yet keep it in perfect condition for printing for some hours. The paper best suited for printing an etching is a good white drawing paper with a smoothish surface which will take water colors nicely. One with a heavy grain or fancy finish will not produce good prints. Japanese paper is quite suitable as it is absorbent but, if you use it, do not select too thin a sheet because it tears too easily when dampened.

For inking the plate we shall need a tube of black printing ink of the kind used for inking linoleum blocks, a printing-ink roller, and a sheet of zinc or glass. The sheet of glass or zinc will serve as a slab upon which we can ink the roller.

Squeeze some ink out at one corner and spread it around the slab until you have a nicely distributed patch that will feed the

You'll be surprised at the really fine results you can achieve by the novel method described here. It doesn't require expensive equipment, either



roller evenly. Be careful to keep your slab, roller, and etching plate free from dust specks.

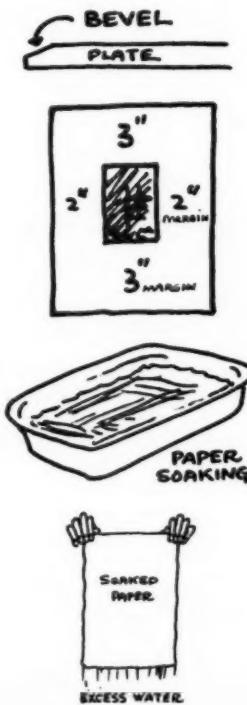
To ink the plate, lay it down on a clean sheet of white paper on top of a table. Now roll the ink evenly all over the plate in every direction, making sure you get it well into every line you have made. To test this, hold the plate up to the light. It should be dense black. If you see light coming through, ink it some more until it is well covered. You have now charged the plate with sufficient ink, and the task of wiping must follow.

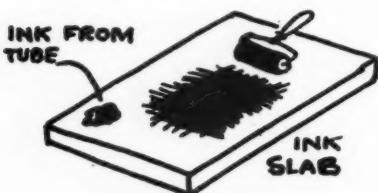
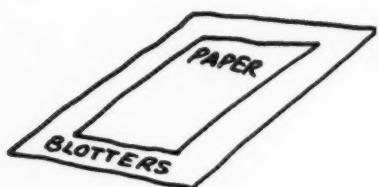
Make some little pads of white cotton mosquito netting and, using a flat side of one, gently wipe some of the ink from the plate. With another clean flat side, wipe it again and again till you begin to see your design. Select another pad, wipe till the white spaces between the lines are nearly clean, taking care to wipe none of the ink from the lines themselves. When the plate looks clean, hold it up to the light again, and you will have a good idea of how the etching will look when printed. By this means you can readily tell if the finished print will be too dark or too light, and how the tone is distributed. You can see that all of your scratchings with the

needle have made little traps for the ink to remain in, and these are the lines which will print. If you have wiped too much, you will have to start all over and re-ink the plate again, but if you have been careful, this is not likely to be necessary. If you have wiped a little out of the lines here and there, perhaps you can replace a dab of ink in the right spots with your finger. Experience will teach you. The plate is now ready for taking a proof. You will learn more by that than anything else.

A regular Etching Press is a heavy metal affair, but the wringer on the family washing machine will do just as well. The wringer makes a good press for small plates, lacking only a bed on which to lay the plates and paper. The ideal bed is of metal, but a strong, stiff piece of cardboard will do nicely. It must measure slightly less than the width of the rollers and about eighteen inches or so long. You have now a complete press ready to print your etching.

The first step is to lay a clean piece of paper on the cardboard bed. Next, place the inked plate face up on the paper. Then lay the proof paper face down on the plate; and on top of that, place two or three sheets of white blotter to act as a





cushion for the rollers. Some adjustment of the tension will be necessary, so manipulate the screw until the bed carrying the plate will go through with a good tight squeeze. To obtain a good impression, the ink must be forced out of the lines into the pores of the paper, so considerable pressure must be used. The first trial will tell better than any guesswork. If there has not been sufficient pressure, more packing of blotters will probably solve the trouble. Do not disturb the packing of the bed after it is once arranged, as you are apt to smudge the print. Do not jerk the print from the plate after it has passed through the rollers; pull one corner up with a strong, steady pull to prevent the still-wet paper from creasing or tearing.

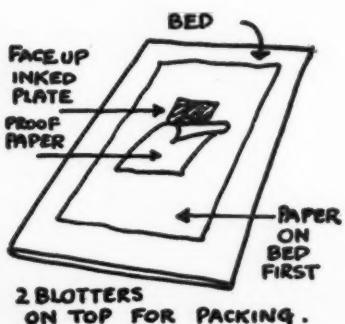
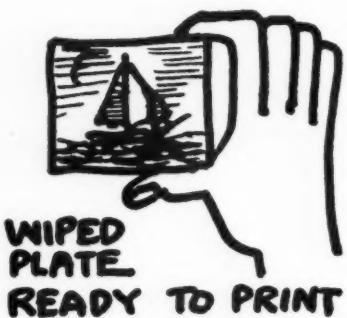
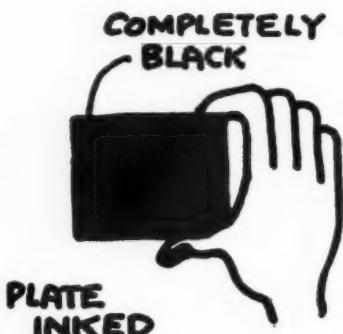
You will find it exciting to see the results, however poor they are, but experiment and perseverance will soon reward your labors. Remember that the most important operation in etching, after the preparation of the plate, is wiping the plate. Once the mechanical part of the printing is arranged, it will be similar for every print, but the adjustment of pressure for the first trial proof is also important.

Here are some of the difficulties that may occur and what to do about them.

If the print is:—

- Too light.....Not enough pressure, or overwiped plate.
- Too dark.....Not wiped sufficiently.
- Lines broken.....Incomplete inking, or overwiped plate in spots.
- Print patchy.....Paper not evenly dampened.

Be sure that you are getting even pressure, or you'll find that one side of



the plate will be darker than the other.

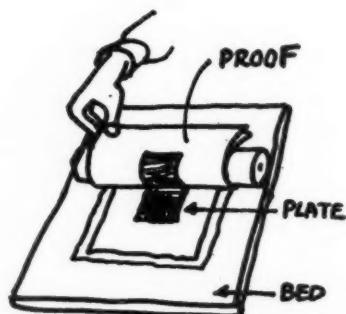
You can make a good etching needle by sharpening a rat-tail file to a fine point. Many people use phonograph needles mounted in a clutch pencil, for as one becomes worn and dull, a new one can be easily fitted. If you have difficulty in wiping the plate clean, the ink is too thick; add a drop or two of linseed oil. If the ink is too thin, the lines will not stand the ordinary wear and tear of wiping.

Celluloid can be bought inexpensively by the sheet at most good art stores, and may be cut to size with knife or scissors.

For proof paper, as suggested, use Japanese paper or water color paper with a smoothish surface, devoid of pronounced grain or weave. Black ink shows up best against light ivory of a warm shade.

After your trial proofs have been pulled and any corrections on the plate made, the fair copies you pull will be known as an edition. They should be signed and numbered in the order of their proofing. The etchings reproduced as illustrations for this article were pulled on Japanese paper and run through a regular washing wringer. Once you have mastered the various steps involved, you will delight in the variety and richness of your efforts, for an etching has both line and tone, and an infinite number of effects can be obtained in the wiping of the plate. This method of etching is called a dry point, as differentiated from work done on metal plates with acids and varnishes.

Good luck to you!



PEELING OFF THE PRINTED PROOF

Household Rhymes

By Hamilton Williamson

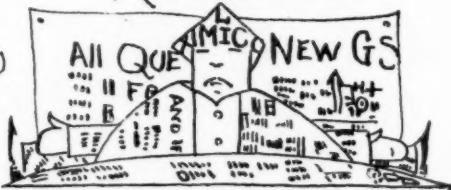
Pictures by Fanny Warren

Kitchenette



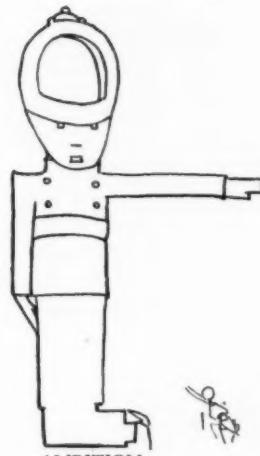
DISCONSOLATE SPINACH

"I'd rather be candy," the Spinach wept,
"Or chocolate, rich and brown!
It's cruel to be the world's best food,
And know that you're forced down."



INGRATITUDE

"Unjust!" the Morning Paper moaned.
"Of the great wide world itself,
I bring them news—yet they tear me apart
To line the kitchen shelf."



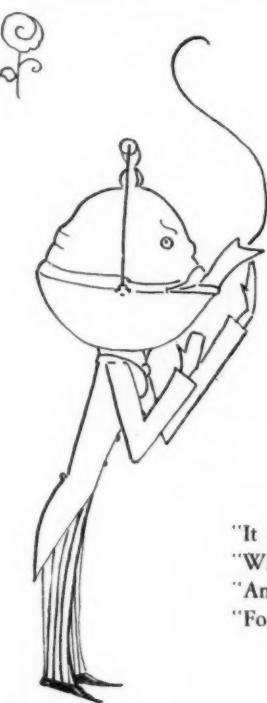
AMBITION

"I've always wished," cried the Pantry Key,
"I could work for Uncle Sam.
I ought to be guarding the Treasury now
Instead of protecting the jam."



LONGING

"I hope," said a chipped old Water Glass,
"If times should ever look up,
That I may meet, before I crack,
A silver loving-cup."

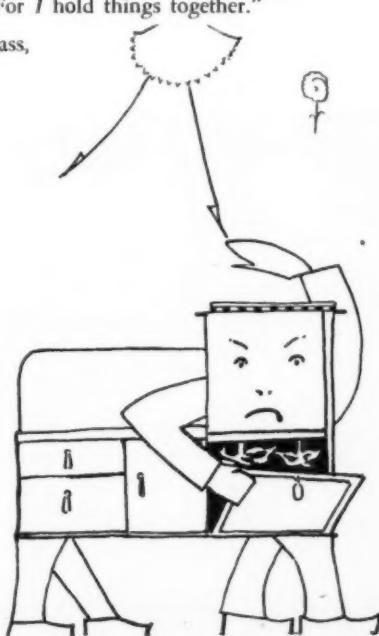


LABOR DISPUTE

"It makes me sick," cried a big Gas Stove,
"When I've furnished a lovely blaze
And broiled a great thick porterhouse,
For the cook to grab the praise."

THE HIGH COST OF BREEDING

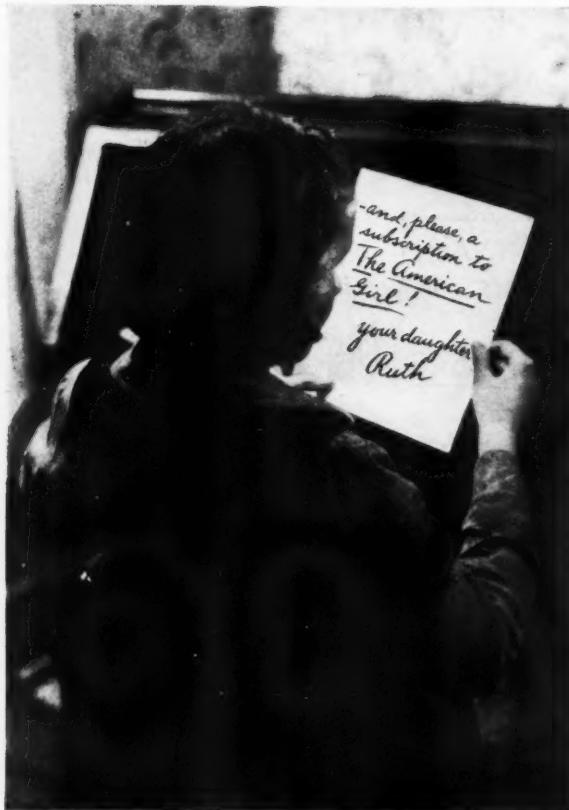
"The way to get on," a Teakettle cried,
"Is to rant and rave and scream—
So, being well-bred, I'm just ignored,
As I quietly let off steam."



CHRISTMAS TIME IS

*Of all the wishes floating around w
is none more hearty than our wish Am*

MERRY CRI



Photograph by Ruth Nichols



THE VERY THING TO
WRITE ON YOUR CHRIST-
MAS LIST IF YOU WANT
MOTHER TO GIVE YOU A
PRESENT THAT WILL
BRING HAPPINESS TO YOU
THE WHOLE YEAR LONG



SILENT NIGHT IN BETH-
LEHEM. GIRL SCOUTS OF
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS
CONSTRUCTED THIS
LOVELY MANGER SCENE
FOR A WINDOW IN
THEIR "TREFOIL
HOUSE," LIGHTING IT
EVENINGS DURING THE
CHRISTMAS SEASON



LETTERS TO SANTA CLAUS IN
BUTTE, MONTANA THAT GIRLS HAD
LETTERS ADDRESSED TO OLD ST. WERE
HEADQUARTERS AND READ BY

CAN'T YOU IMAGINE THE
CRIES OF JOY THAT WILL
GREET THESE BOUNTIFUL-
LY FILLED STOCKINGS AT
CHRISTMAS TIME? THEY
WERE MADE EXTRA LARGE
ON PURPOSE BY THE GIRL
SCOUTS OF ITHACA, NEW
YORK AND STUFFED WITH
GOODIES AND SURPRISES

THREE
ENT O
AND L
MYRR
KNEEL
MARY'
PRES
SCOUT
GLEN
FOR A

WISHING TIME ★★★

world this Christmas season, there
American Girl readers everywhere—
CHRISTMAS!



STANDING ON THE STEPS OF THEIR GIRL SCOUT HOUSE, SOME MEMBERS OF TROOP 19 OF SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA DISPLAY GAY WREATHS OF CHRISTMAS GREENS WHICH THEY MADE TO DECORATE THEIR LOCAL HOSPITAL



Photograph by Ruth Nichols



GIRL SCOUTS IN TROOPS EVERYWHERE ARE COÖPERATING WITH THEIR LOCAL SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS IN PACKING BASKETS OF FOOD FOR FAMILIES WHO NEED HELP

CLAUS IS IN THE POST OFFICE AT THAT GENTS HAD TO HELP OUT. ALL TO OLD X WERE SENT TO GIRL SCOUTS AND BY HIS EMISSARIES



Photograph by T. Robert Lindsley

THE THREE KINGS OF THE ORIENT OFFER GIFTS OF GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH WHILE SHEPHERDS KNEEL IN REVERENCE AT MARY'S FEET. A TABLEAU PRESENTED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS OF MONTCLAIR AND GLEN RIDGE, NEW JERSEY FOR A CHRISTMAS PARTY



THE "SINGING TROOP" OF DULUTH, MINNESOTA, MAKING CHRISTMAS WREATHS WHICH THEY WILL SELL TO RAISE TROOP FUNDS

AN ACTIVITY OF "THE SINGING TROOP"

DULUTH, MINNESOTA: Troop 24, St. John's Church, Duluth, Minnesota (which is also known as the "Singing Troop") specializes each year in making and selling Christmas wreaths to raise troop funds.

As the Christmas season approaches, the fathers of the girls take them out to the country and help them gather the cedar boughs and pine cones. This material is then divided and distributed among the homes of the troop committee members where the girls come to make the wreaths. The pine cones, edged with a silver coating, are delightful amid the cedar and make very attractive wreaths, each topped off with a bright red bow.

The author visited one of the groups, and was much impressed with the atmosphere and spirit of the occasion. While working, the girls were continuously singing, and incidentally adding a great deal of enjoyment to visitors who might be present.

The money raised this year is to be used to purchase material for uniforms, and the troop committee is going to take charge and make them up for the use of members of this troop.

Last summer, Troop 24, *en masse*, chaperoned by their captain and troop committee members, took a two-weeks "gypsy trip" to the Century of Progress.

MILLIE M. CHAFFEE
(Mrs. R. N. Chaffee) Local Director

ASSISTANTS TO SANTA CLAUS

STURGIS, MICHIGAN: Dolls—a half hundred of them. Dolls with broken arms; wigless dolls with smudgy faces; a cuddly one whose plaintive "Mama" directed attention to her neglected condition; the "little tin soldier and the little toy dog," and dozens of other discarded playthings, all heaped in the corner for Sturgis Silver Fox Troop No. 2 to make into attractive Christmas gifts for part of Sturgis's six hundred needy youngsters who would be forgotten by Santa Claus.

These toys had been collected during several weeks, after a plea to all members of the troop to ransack their attics for long forgotten playthings. Roll call at several meetings brought forth a dilapidated array. On an eagerly looked-for day, each patrol met at one member's home—one who had permission to use the basement for daubing purposes—and those girls who were cleverest at coloring went to work. Paint brushes, paint, and glue had been provided, and they soon made fairylike changes in the broken toys.

Joy to the



TWO GOOD SCOUTS GREET EACH OTHER. MRS. FREDERICK EDEY, AT THE RIGHT, RETIRING PRESIDENT OF THE GIRL SCOUTS, PINS HER BADGE OF OFFICE ON THE INCOMING PRESIDENT, MRS. HERBERT HOOVER, AT THE NATIONAL GIRL SCOUT CONVENTION IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. For the Star Reporter's Box, your story should contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer the questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

MURIEL MATSON of Corning, New York has the honor of being named Star Reporter for December. Muriel writes:

"A program was given at the Corning Memorial Library on December ninth, by the Girl Scouts of Troop 16 who are working for their First Class Badge. It is necessary, as you know, to give some service to the community while working for this honor. Keeping this in mind, we gave the program. The Library was hit hard by the depression, therefore part of the staff had to be discharged. After this, the regular Saturday morning story hour had to be discontinued also, so we thought it a good time to help out.

"Our program consisted of two stories and poems read by members of the troop, and a play called *On Christmas Eve*. The program lasted about half an hour.

"The play had a cast of ten characters and was quite colorful. The characters were: The Little Girl, Wendy, Alice in Wonderland, Gretel, Hush-a-bye Lady, the Boy from the Back of the North Wind, Hansel, Robinson Crusoe, the Bagdad Traveler, and Santa Claus. We asked Boy Scouts to play the boys' parts in the play.

"We had lots of fun planning and practicing for the program, and it was well worth our efforts, I think, for there were about one hundred boys and girls present and their applause showed that they enjoyed it. Later in the day we gave the play a second time at the Fox State Theater, for the public."

World!

*GIRL SCOUTS do their part
to help bring Christmas cheer*

BELOW: BUNDLED UP AGAINST THE COLD, GIRL SCOUTS OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA RIGHT MERRILY HAUL THE YULE LOG HOME



"HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING . . ." LIKE FIGURES FROM AN ANCIENT MEDIEVAL PRINT THESE GIRL SCOUT CAROLERS PAUSE BEFORE A MASSIVE OAK DOOR TO SING THEIR SONGS



SEVEN SMILING HELPERS OF SANTA CLAUS!
THEY PACKED THESE BULGING STOCKINGS
WITH TOYS AND GOODIES FOR ONE OF THE
SOCIAL AGENCIES OF NEW YORK CITY, TO
BRING JOY TO LESS FORTUNATE CHILDREN

Upstairs the sewing circle congregated. Although no tea was served, there was "much ado about nothing" so far as chattering was concerned. Needles and thread slipped away stitches, a sewing machine hummed, scissors clicked, and soap and water helped to rejuvenate those homeless orphan dolls. After several days, a call was made for the toys to be brought in for inspection, and credit was given to each Girl Scout. The playthings really appeared, in their bright-colored splendor, like new.

Many books were donated by the people of the city, and the Girl Scouts wrapped them up in holly paper and tied them with tinsel.

Red stockings, stitched with gay-colored

yarns and filled with candy, fruits, and small toys, were also a part of the Girl Scout Christmas service work in this community. This part of our work has been done by the Girl Scouts for a number of years.

On Christmas Eve everything was sent out on a truck to needy homes and not a child in the city awoke to find an empty stocking.

The previous Christmas, we coöperated with the Boy Scouts and took care of all their lonely dolls, since they did not feel the urge to make them over.

MARY H. FLEMING, Captain
Troop 3

A CHRISTMAS PARTY

MUNCIE, INDIANA: Arms outstretched as she walked the length of the primary room at Emerson School to receive the gift of a pretty doll, not so pretty as herself, a little girl of three, brown-eyed, yellow-haired, all smiles, made a picture that Girl Scouts, entertaining

Friday afternoon for children of the district, will not soon forget. The delight of fifty youngsters who enjoyed a real party, and received useful gifts as well as toys through the efforts of the Girl Scouts, was the climax of the semester's program of planning by the Emerson group.

Since the beginning of the school year, the girls of the Home Economics classes had been making dresses and shirts out of material furnished by the Red Cross. Boy Scouts, under the direction of Marvin Davis, teacher, gathered toys and put them in working order for boys and girls. Almost three hundred toys were distributed Friday afternoon. Baby dolls, airplanes—many of them little used—were given out by a jolly Santa.

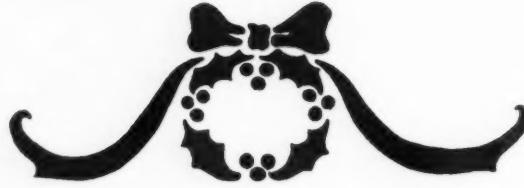
In addition to the toys and clothing, each child was given a package containing candy and fruit. Tickets to the free picture show at the Liberty Theater were given them also, from the Elks Lodge. Some Emerson teachers purchased dolls to be put in the toy packages.

After hearing a program of readings by Mrs. Marjorie Shaw, Christmas recitations by Rosemary Studebaker and Elizabeth Hook, and carols sung by Seventh Grade girls directed by Miss Edna Bunnell, the children were taken to another room where they were served hot chocolate and oatmeal cookies made by the girls in the Home Economics department.

The tables were decorated with small toys, trucks, miniature houses, and other fascinating playthings. Small aquariums with goldfish amused the little guests who ranged in age from three to nine years.

NANCY SACKSTEDER, Troop 3

CORRECTION: In the October issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL, the picture of the Girl Scout booth on page 29 was erroneously credited to the Girl Scouts of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Actually, it was the work of the Detroit Girl Scouts.



TRADITIONAL HOLIDAY RECIPES

to make your mouth water and your hands eager to try out each one

By JANE CARTER

SOMETIMES I wonder whether the inhabitants of some far-off star ever catch a whiff at Christmas-time of tantalizing, spicy fragrance rising from warm and merry kitchens all over the earth. Isn't it fun to think that, in snowy Sweden across the sea, and in England and Germany, and in many other lands, ovens are glowing and hands are busy with preparations for the Christmas feast?

Here are a few treasured recipes from other lands. First of all, there are cookies—cookies play an important part in Christmas traditions—and I am giving you recipes for several interesting kinds: *Pfeffernüsse*, those little nut-shaped cookies from Germany; delicious Russian nut cookies; rich Swedish cookies; the famous Moravian cookies; and spicy little *Lebkuchen* which are from quaint Nuremberg in the south of Germany, a town exactly like the pictures in a fairy-tale.

The tradition of Christmas plum puddings comes to us from England. They are pictured on old prints, decked with holly and blazing with a glory of flame. There was an old Yorkshire superstition about them, too. "In as many homes as you eat plum pudding in the twelve days after Christmas, so many months of happiness you will have in the year." I have two plum puddings for you—the old-fashioned steamed pudding, and a grand modern version for a not-so-hearty kind. Either of them will add a festive touch to your holiday table.

Cakes, too, have an important rôle in the holiday season. Of them all, it seems to me

the most appropriate is the Scripture Cake. It's a real part of American folklore. The Bible was often the only book that pioneer women knew, so it was the most natural thing in the world for them to weave it into the recipe they invented. What a recipe it is—and what a story it tells! Nothing could make a nicer Christmas "gift from the kitchen" than a small loaf of Scripture Cake, gay in its Christmas wrappings. With it, you might send the recipe, writing the Scripture version on one side of the card and, on the other, the translation into flour, butter, spices, and so forth.

From the South, we have our own Southern Christmas Cake—golden layers of cake put together with a snowy white frosting, crowned with lacy shreds of coconut and gaily wreathed with mistletoe.

There's another traditional cake that's closely associated with the holiday season—though it really doesn't appear until early in January. On Twelfth Night, which comes twelve days after Christmas and commemorates the coming of the Three Wise Men to Bethlehem, it's the custom to feast upon a gorgeous cake, specially baked and decorated with a tiny Christmas *crèche*, or a toy village, or a design of holly. Inside the cake is a charmed bean and, according to the old

SCRIPTURE CAKE AND CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING ARE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

tradition, the person who gets the bean when the cake is cut becomes King or Queen of the Bean.

Pfeffernüsse

6 $\frac{1}{3}$ cups sifted cake flour
1 cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon allspice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
4 tablespoons aniseed
2 eggs, well beaten
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup light corn syrup
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup water
1 teaspoon soda

Sift flour once; measure. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together well. Add spices, aniseed, and eggs. Combine syrup, molasses, water, and soda; and add to creamed mixture. Add flour. Chill until firm enough to roll. Roll on slightly floured board into long, slender rolls, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter. Cut rolls into $\frac{1}{3}$ inch pieces. Place, cut-side down, on greased baking sheet. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) eight minutes, or until cookies are done. (They should be as large and as brown as hazelnuts.) Dough will keep several weeks in a cold place, and cookies may be baked as desired, or baked cookies may be stored

MORAVIAN COOKIES, DECKED WITH HOLLY, ARE NICE TO SERVE CHRISTMAS EVE

SOUTHERN CHRISTMAS CAKE, A FESTIVE CLIMAX TO ANY GAY CHRISTMAS PARTY



in covered jar. Makes four quarts cookies.

Russian Nut Cookies

1 cup sifted cake flour
1 cup sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups walnut meats, finely ground
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once; measure. Add sugar and salt, and sift again. Add nuts. Add to stiffly beaten egg whites, a small amount at a time, mixing well. Add vanilla. Drop from teaspoon on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) twenty minutes.

Swedish Cookies

4 cups sifted cake flour
2 cups butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once; measure. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add flour, a small amount at a time, mixing thoroughly after each addition. Add vanilla and blend. Shape into two rolls $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, chill overnight or until firm enough to slice, and cut in thin slices. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in hot oven (400° F.) four or five minutes.

Moravian Cookies

$\frac{3}{4}$ cups sifted cake flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter or other shortening
1 cup molasses, heated
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon each: ginger, cloves, cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each: nutmeg, allspice
Dash of salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon soda

Sift flour once; measure. Combine butter and molasses; add sugar, spices, salt, and soda. Then add flour gradually, mixing well after each addition. Let stand in cold place a week or two. Place small amount of dough on slightly floured board and roll paper-thin. Cut with floured cookie cutters in fancy shapes. Bake on greased baking sheet in moderate oven (375° F.) six minutes. Makes two hundred cookies.

Lebkuchen

8 cups sifted cake flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each: cloves, nutmeg
 $1\frac{1}{3}$ cups (1 pound) strained honey
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups (6 ounces) each: shredded candied orange peel, candied citron
2 cups ($\frac{3}{4}$ pound) almonds, blanched and shredded

Sift flour once, measure, add soda and spices, and sift together three times. Boil honey, sugar, and water five minutes. Cool. Add flour, eggs, fruits, and nuts. Work into loaf and place in refrigerator. Let ripen two or three days. Roll $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut in strips, 1 x 3 inches. Bake on greased baking sheet in moderate oven (350° F.) fifteen minutes. When cool, cover with glaze. Lebkuchen should ripen in cake box at least one day before they are served. Makes ten dozen lebkuchen.

Glaze for Lebkuchen: Combine 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar and three tablespoons boiling water. Add 1 teaspoon vanil-

The illustration shows a stylized map of the state of Illinois. Inside the map, there is a diary entry for January. The entry starts with "JANUARY" at the top left. It includes four numbered entries: 2 Thurs. "made an important resolution", 3 Fri. "yesterday to buy one of these slick diaries every year.", and 4 Sat. "have chosen four hobbies already!". At the bottom left of the map, there is text for "GIRL SCOUTS, Inc. NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE 570 Lexington Avenue New York, N. Y.". On the right side of the map, there is a large block of text about astronomy, followed by the number "29".

Astronomy, which treats of the stars and the other heavenly bodies, is one of the oldest and the most interesting of the sciences. You will gain from it a feeling of the immensity of the universe and have exciting glimpses down other paths of knowledge. You may find an absorbing interest in the mythology of the sun, moon, and stars; the imaginings of primitive peoples who saw animals in the sky and imagined how they got there. Chronology, another branch of astronomy, is a study of the development of calendars. There are still discoveries to be made in the heavens. The planet Uranus was discovered by Herschel, an amateur astronomer.

la. Beat thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon on lebkuchen. Will cover ten dozen.

Christmas Plum Pudding

2 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons combination baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each of—soda, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon allspice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each of—chopped figs, sliced citron, candied cherries quartered, blanched and chopped almonds
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each of—raisins, currants, chopped apple, chopped suet, molasses, milk
1 tablespoon candied orange peel, chopped
2 eggs, well beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, salt, and spices, and sift together three times. Sift $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of flour mixture over dried and preserved fruits and nuts, and mix well. Combine apple, suet, molasses, eggs, and milk; add to flour mixture and beat thoroughly. Add fruit and nuts. Turn into greased molds, filling them $\frac{3}{4}$ full; cover tightly. Steam about three hours. Serve hot with hard sauce or whipped cream.

Regal Plum Pudding

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
Dash of salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves
1 pint warm water
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup each—finely cut raisins, finely cut cooked prunes, finely cut nut meats, Grape-Nuts
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely cut citron
Combine gelatin, salt, and spices; add

warm water and stir until gelatin is dissolved. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in combined fruits, nuts, and Grape-Nuts. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve with whipped cream flavored with nutmeg. Serves ten.

Scripture Cake

4 cups sifted cake flour—1 Kings IV, 22
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt—Leviticus II, 13
1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mace—1 Kings X, 10
1 cup butter—Judges V, 25
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar—Jeremiah VI, 20
6 eggs, unbeaten—Isaiah X, 14
4 tablespoons honey—1 Samuel XIV, 25
1 cup finely cut almonds—Numbers XVII, 8
2 cups finely cut raisins—1 Samuel XXX, 12
2 cups finely cut figs—Nahum III, 12
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water—Genesis XXIV, 17
Follow Solomon's advice for making a good boy—Proverbs XXIII, 14.

Sift flour once, measure, add salt and spices, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each. Add honey; then add almonds, raisins, and figs, and mix well. Add flour, alternately with water, a small amount at a time, beating well after each addition. Turn into two $9 \times 4 \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inch loaf pans, which have been greased, lined with paper, and greased again. Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. (Continued on page 33)

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NEEDLEPOINT TO GIVE, TO KEEP by ANNA COYLE

THERE is a special appeal in needlepoint tapestry because of its glamorous historic background. It is interesting for the girl of today, as she embroiders her canvas stitch by stitch, to know that she is practicing an art that occupied the great ladies of the European courts in the days when "knights were bold" and priceless tapestries adorned the walls of feudal castles.

There are two distinct types of tapestries: those woven by hand and known as "Aubussons," and those worked with the needle on a prepared canvas, and referred to as "needlepoints."

Needlepoint tapestries are tremendously popular today, due to the interest in period furnishings with which they harmonize; due, also, to the fact that the pieces for embroidery are offered in a form which makes the work simple and inexpensive.

For example, here are three particularly charming needlepoint pictures for the beginner to make. The designs are already worked in appropriate colors, so that all you have to do is fill in the background in a color to harmonize.

The Colonial lady is worked in rose tints, shading from a delicate pink to a deep maroon, with accents of bright blue. She will stand out nicely against a background of mulberry, dark brown, or dark blue.

The quaint little girl is done in lively shades of blue, and the watering pot she holds is worked in grays and black. For her, you might use a background of black, or old rose.

The dog is worked in shades of gray and black, so almost any background color will do nicely, depending upon the color scheme of the room in which the embroidery is to be used.

Three skeins of yarn will be required for the background of each of these pieces. It is supremely important that real tapestry wool be used. It is also important, when starting your piece, to buy enough yarn to complete

it. Different lots of yarn vary slightly in shade, and you will find it almost impossible to match your yarn at some later time.

Several stitches are used in making needlepoint, but the simplest and most practical is the halfstitch, or singlestitch, as shown in the diagram below.

In filling in the background, you should always work from left to right. Do not work from right to left, as this is not correct and requires more wool. Start the first row of stitches in the upper left-hand corner of the canvas; place the next row directly under this, and so on, until the canvas is completely covered. Be sure that the stitches are all in the same direction, as this gives the work an even texture.

Be careful not to draw the stitches too taut—otherwise they will draw the work and will not cover the canvas so well.

If, when you finish one row, you still have thread in your needle, you may turn the piece and work back on the next row. By turning the piece upside down you will still be working from left to right, but if you use this short-cut, watch the direction of your stitches.

When your work is completed, it may be slightly drawn. To stretch it, dip it in water and fasten with thumb tacks to a flat surface to dry. Then it will be perfectly smooth.

These pieces measure approximately twelve inches square and are delightful for covering sofa pillows, small footstools and hassocks. They are appropriate framed as pictures, or they may be mounted on writing cases, or book covers.

You are not limited, of course, to these particular designs. In the collection from which these were chosen, I saw at least a dozen attractive designs of similar style and size, and I lingered to admire a number of ever-popular, bright-hued floral patterns. There were also period needlepoint tapestries for upholstering chairs and footstools, and there were bell pulls and wall hangings to challenge the most skillful worker.

Then, too, experienced embroiderers sometimes work from a colored pattern on cross-section paper. If you are artistic, you may wish to go adventuring in your own designs, or to copy a motif from some fine old tapestry. In this case the design should be drawn on the cross-section paper and tinted with water-colors, each little square of the paper representing one stitch on the canvas.

HOLIDAY RECIPES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Twelfth Night Cake

2½ cups sifted cake flour
2½ teaspoons combination baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1½ cups sugar
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add flour, alternately with milk, a little at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla; fold in egg whites. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (370° F.) 25 to 30 minutes.

Insert dried bean in one layer and cover layers with Fluffy Frosting, piling frosting very generously on top of cake. Decorate with a Christmas crèche, toy village, or conventional holly or mistletoe design.

Fluffy Frosting

3 egg whites, unbeaten
2¼ cups sugar
½ cup water
2 teaspoons light corn syrup
1½ teaspoons vanilla

Combine egg whites, sugar, water, and corn syrup in top of double boiler, beating with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook ten minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire; add vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread.

Southern Christmas Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 teaspoons combination baking powder
½ cup butter, or other shortening
1 cup sugar
3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg yolks and beat well. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add flavoring and beat thoroughly. Bake in two greased 8-inch layer pans in a moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes.

Spread Seven Minute or boiled frosting between layers, and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle with shredded coconut, and garnish plate with sprigs of mistletoe.

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"Run for your LIVES!"

FROM the telephone office in a little Colorado town, a young woman operator saw the summer sky blacken at midday. Craggy, snow-capped peaks of the Rockies, which usually gleamed and sparkled in the sun, were shadowed by a peculiar, dark, ragged cloud.

Telephoning up Bear Creek Canyon, she learned of a heavy rain in the hills. "Will you call me, if the storm grows worse?" she asked. Barely fifteen minutes passed before three people were frantically signaling the operator. Bear Creek was over its banks and sweeping everything before it!

The young woman went into action. She called every telephone subscriber in the immediate path of the flood. Within a quarter of an hour, every one for miles around—on ranches, farms, and in towns—was scrambling to higher ground and safety.

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Finally, as an extra precaution, she telephoned Bell System headquarters at Denver—making sure that communications would be open in the event of a dire emergency.

Through the courage and initiative of this young woman, not a life within reach of the telephone was lost as the swirling torrent rushed through the mountains and ravished the countryside.

Men and women of the Bell System who perform such noteworthy public services receive medals every year, in memory of the late Theodore N. Vail. Each Vail Medal award is a symbol of the high tradition of devotion to duty that characterizes the spirit of Bell System employees . . . a spirit which has given America the world's most useful telephone service.



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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

AIRING THE AMATEUR

America, say visiting Europeans, is a land of crazes. And among our current enthusiasms there is one which strikes them as, perhaps, the most humanly appealing of all: the present radio amateur-hour vogue.

Best known of all amateur-hour directors is Major Edward Bowes. (The accompanying sketch shows him about to rule an aspirant off the air with his dreaded gong.) Broadcasting his slogan, "Throw open the flood gates of the air," he was the first to give non-professional performers a chance.



But he didn't originate the amateur-night idea. Old-time burlesque houses in New York City used to put on shows made up of non-professional efforts. In those distant days the falling of the curtain, not the ringing of a gong, told the luckless hopefuls they'd failed.

Major Bowes, first heir to the old burlesque-house idea, was born in San Francisco. He got his start as a maker of calling cards, then began a real-estate business. The San Francisco earthquake and fire wrecked his plans.

Later, in Seattle, he married a stage star, the late Margaret Illington, and traveled to New York as her manager. In New York he prospered by selling real estate to theater people, and gained executive positions with the Capitol Theater, a big movie house, and with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Radio fame followed.

WORLD'S FAIR OF THE FUTURE

Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition of 1933-34 closed with a surplus of more than seven hundred thousand dollars, which could be drawn on for demolition work. And millions had been spent by the visitors who thronged to the city.

Proof that a modern World's Fair on a gigantic scale can be made to pay, silenced doubters when plans for a new fair were announced. The new one, to be held in New York City in 1939-40, will rival—perhaps surpass—the Chicago exposition. It will commemorate the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of George Washington's inauguration as our first President, and the estab-

lishment of the Federal Government in New York City, which was the nation's first capital.

Though the opening is so far away, work is to start at once on the draining and filling of the future site—about one thousand acres of marshy land in the Borough of Queens. It's estimated that the vast undertaking will cost some forty million dollars. If we can base an estimate on Chicago's exposition, almost forty million people will visit the future fair—roughly, one visitor for every dollar spent.

THE "BIKE" COMES BACK

There's no depression on for our bicycle makers. They are, instead, enjoying something of a boom. Reports from ten factories in this country show they've not been as busy in twenty-five years as they are today. They're turning them out at the rate of six hundred and eighty thousand a year. A rough estimate has been made that there are now three million cyclists in the United States.

Large as this number seems, it is small in comparison with England's ten million. But England always has been a sort of cyclists' heaven. The English never abandoned the sport of bicycling to the extent that we did.

The Germans, though, are the real cycling enthusiasts. It's said that every fourth German rides a "bike," and that there are almost fifteen million bicyclists in that country.

In the days before the motor car it was the owners of "wheels" who began the fight



for good roads. They accomplished much toward securing them, too. And now they are crowded off them by motorists. Their protest is a concerted drive for trails of their own, laid along the edges of boulevards and highways. Park departments in Chicago and New York City are considering bicycle paths. But the bicycle-minded expect far more than this. They predict a nation-wide network of trails and a return of the enthusiasm of the eighteen nineties, when the casual question was not, "Have you a wheel?" but "What make do you ride?"

NEWS FLIES ON HOMING WINGS

A homing pigeon, bearing messages back to its owner—there's something romantic about the thought. Accounts of such exploits, historians tell us, are almost as old as recorded history. Carrier pigeons were used in King Solomon's time, and by the ancient Greeks who pressed them into service



to carry names of Olympic winners to their various cities.

But, in modern times, with the coming of the telegraph, telephone, and radio, one would suppose such messengers would be outdated. Not at all. Actually, the United States army keeps some five thousand "educated" carrier pigeons. New methods of war have brought fresh ways of ending telegraph and wireless communication, but you can't easily cut communication by pigeon post.

Within the past year, certain New York dailies have made ingenious use of the birds. Negatives of photographs, or a news story written on onion-skin paper, are tucked into a tiny aluminum container and fastened to the back of a pigeon, which is then freed to fly home at fifty miles an hour—"home" being the top of a building housing a newspaper. Result: an impressive "scoop."

FORECASTING EARTH'S JITTERS

Mr. G. K. Spencer, a writer on scientific subjects, tells us that a new learned profession may be just in the offing: the profession of earthquake forecasting.

Citizens of Helena, Montana's capital, must have been sorry last October that such a science of predicting earthquakes was still a science of the future—hundreds of tremors were recorded in that city; and advance information about the recent quake that shook the eastern section of the United States and Canada would have been appreciated.

Seismologists—the men who record earthquakes—tell us that the earth's crust is made up of a great number of sections, or blocks, floating upon a molten central core. The earth is gradually cooling. As it cools it contracts, and readjustments take place along the edges—called "faults"—of the vast blocks. Such readjustments we know as earthquakes.

The forecasters of the new profession will

have to map all these faults, and then study the complex factors which determine just when a shift, along the line of some fault, is due.

Factors external to the earth will enter into such a study. For example, according to Mr. W. C. Mendenhall, Director of the United States Geological Survey, there are apt to be many earthquakes during the period when spots on the sun are in their most active phase. Also, the moon exerts a tidal pull on the earth's crust as well as on oceans. Seemingly, the most violent earth shudders are apt to come when this pull is at its greatest.

Forecasters are going to have a big job!

TOPSY-TURVY LAND

Most of us are accustomed to thinking of Ethiopia as a nation composed of a single people with a common origin. It's hard for us to realize just what broad racial differences divide the dwellers in that war-ravaged land. But at least six distinct tribes, each speaking a separate language, make up the mountain empire. Some of these are much darker-skinned than others; some are markedly Negroid in appearance, while others show, in build and features, an origin partly Jewish. The dominant tribe, the Amharas, contains about one-third of the empire's population. Its head is Haile Selassie I, ruler of all Ethiopia except those parts wrested away by Italy.

Though so distinct racially, the people of the various districts have many traits in common. One is a love of firearms. Another is a passion for litigation. The average Ethiopian, so travelers say, would almost rather go to law than eat. The less important courts, in all the towns of the land, are held at street corners, or in village squares. A strange feature of these courts is that betting is officially sanctioned in them. The plaintiff (the man or woman bringing suit) or the defendant, or both, may lay a wager on the truth of some statement which has been made—the truth to be determined by the judge. If the opponent refuses to bet, and thus back up his own position, the opponent automatically loses the suit.

The petty magistrates who hear such cases receive no salaries: they usually collect their fees from the losers of various wagers.



If a loser is unable to pay, he must stay in confinement in the magistrate's home until he can "come across." We're not told, though, just how such a prisoner can ever make enough money to pay up, under the circumstances.

In the courts of certain districts, so it appears, it's customary for a debtor to be chained to a creditor as long as the trial lasts. This seems to simplify the course of justice.

A land of strange customs, this empire which has been whirled so suddenly into the world's gaze!

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The twins didn't stop when they had earned their complete Girl Scout uniforms! Through the Libby Thrift Plan, they received two blankets, a camera, and a flashlight as well!

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LETTER OF THE LAW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

His paper cone was empty. "Look-a-Georgie! Georgie's the champen!" shouted the boys.

Frieda pushed her way out of the church, rolling the doll carriage with one hand. Her free arm embraced the neck of another of the little girls, Henrietta Popek. Henrietta had received a gray rabbit muff for Christmas. Frieda admired it, and was disposed to lionize its owner. "Henrietta's my best friend," she declared patronizingly. Her tone excluded all others.

Jessie's eyes sparkled. There was no one to throw an arm around her neck and call her friend, and her heart was lonely. So, characteristically, she delivered a crushing blow. "My best friend is Miss Buckley. I'm waitin' for her now."

"Potata bug!" Bertie Rudd called teasingly. This was a mischievous affront, often indulged in by the urchins, to Jessie's striped coat. They all thought it fun to provoke her. She was so game and full of fight.

Now, with eyes blazing, she doubled her fists, and Bertie, twice her size, laughing, turned to run. But a swinging blow on the jaw from an unexpected quarter brought him up with a jerk. Herbie squared himself before the astonished offender. "I guess you're forgettin' that that's my sister," he said coolly.

Bertie didn't carry the matter further. For the moment he had forgotten Jessie's kinship to the Big Shot of Fishback's Market. So he ducked away and saved his face by walking the high, icy curbstone.

"Come on, Jess!" Herbie shouted.

But his diminutive sister rubbed her shoes together and shook her head. "I'm waitin' fer Miss Buckley."

The children streamed off up the hill, and the little girl was left alone in the Christmas twilight. At first she hung on the gate bar, hearing the click of the basement door at the side of the church, she went to look into the matter.

MR. PEEBLES was bringing out two ash-cans filled with rubbish. He rolled them to the curb and dusted off his hands. "Don't touch dem cans, Jessie," he said rather sharply. Mr. Peebles was tired out, and his tone showed it. "I don't wan' none o' dat trash tracked obah ma sidewalk." He stepped inside again and closed the basement door.

Christmas ash cans are apt to be exciting and full of surprises. There was a bunch of red and green paper sticking out of the side of one of these. Jessie had seen the caps which Mrs. Hollister had been making that afternoon. If she should take that paper home, perhaps she could make a cap for Vi'let.

The paper did not yield readily to her hesitating pull, so she gave it a sharp jerk and it came out in her hand. At least, some of it did. The rest dropped to the sidewalk with a thump. There seemed to be something rolled up inside.

Jessie investigated, and the something fell out—a something unbelievable. She snatched it, and stared. It was a beautiful new handbag with a silver top and chain! The bag itself was of soft, rich material with purple-

blue flowers on a pale background. Jessie didn't know that it was needlepoint embroidery.

Her first impulse was to rush into the church to find Alice, but a second thought stopped her. The beautiful purse was hers. *She had found it in an ash can!* That wasn't stealing. Auntie had said it wasn't. Miss Buckley had said so, too. She wrestled with indecision, but at last the fatal beauty of the handbag settled the matter. Of course it was hers! Nevertheless she glanced around stealthily before buttoning the treasure out of sight in the breast of her coat for, in her heart, Jessie Bascom knew that her reasoning was wrong—that this particular ash can had yielded too richly.

Abandoning her plan of waiting for Alice, she started for home at a gallop. Not until she had nearly reached Division Street did it occur to her that there might be something in the purse! She dodged into a darkening alley. The silk-lined outer pockets were empty except for a dainty folded handkerchief but, in the inner compartment, there was a crispy crackle of bills. One, two, three. Three lovely, new, one-dollar bills.

Jessie was dazed with her good fortune, but she knew instantly what she would buy with these riches. The blue carriage for Vi'let ceased in that moment to be a half-guilty dream and became a certainty. She held its price in her hand.

Hiding the purse again, she hurried up the steep sidewalk to Division Street. The window of Springele's candy store, a lighted square in the dusk, caught her eye. The store was open, and something had been added to its festive display of the morning—a fan of plump red lollipops.

Jessie's starved capacity for sweets was boundless. She stood for a moment at the window, and a newborn excitement of spending swept over her; she felt rich enough to afford a lollipop. Fumbling a dollar out of the bag, she lifted the latch of the shop-door and went in. There were more red lollipops in the case of candies below the counter. She pointed with her finger against the glass. "That one."

Mrs. Springele, stout and German, opened the case at the back, groped for the sweet, and, before surrendering it, held out her hand for the money. Jessie reached up and laid the bill on the counter.

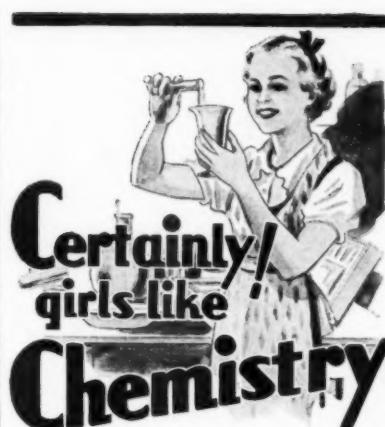
The woman stared. "How come you have a dollar bill, Jessie Bascom?" she demanded.

Jessie's back stiffened. Mrs. Springele's suspicious glance held her guilty eyes like the charm of a serpent for a bird. She could not pull her gaze away. "I found it," she whispered huskily.

A little bell tinkled as Mrs. Springele pulled out the cash drawer. She handed change and lollipop over the counter, and Jessie retreated into the frosty evening air.

But even there she wasn't safe. Just outside, under the tattered, wind-striped awning, stood a young policeman fiercely swinging his club by its tassel. Jessie gave him one look and took to her heels. She tore along Division Street like an underfoot Christmas gnome in the graying light.

Toiling up the stairs, she crept into the home kitchen panting, unnoticed by Auntie who was busy amid (*Continued on page 41*)



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NOW that Christmas is just around the corner, every one of us has a list tucked away—for Brother, for Sister, and all the rest. So here, once more, are some of the gay and interesting new books to help you in your Christmas planning and shopping.

There are two kinds of books for the younger members of the family that are always especially welcome—those that make small boys and girls laugh, and those that introduce a little game to play. *Bear Twins* by Inez Hogan (Dutton, \$1.00) is an amusing story, with plenty of pictures, about two little twin bears who go off into the forest. *Bobo Dee* by Lionel Reid (Oxford, \$1.00) is very jolly, introducing in its brightly colored pictures and its unusual story a little boy with a big I-M-A-G-I-N-A-T-I-O-N and the wild beasts in his backyard. A book in which there is a game is *The I-Spy Alphabet* by Wilma Hickson and Archie Harradine (Morrow, \$1.00). "In this picture can you see twenty-two things that start with B?" There they are in the picture, and it is great fun to find them.

Three alluring books with colored pictures that are boxed together under the title, *Let's Read* (Scribner's, \$2.00 for all three), are *Christopher* by Marjorie Flack, the story of a small terrier who didn't like being washed; *Sailor Sam* by Alice Dalgliesh, about a sailor to whom very strange things happened; and *The Pet Parade* by Evelyn Sickels which tells how Patsy and her white goat, Nanny, and Peter and his dog, Jiggs, won a prize in a pet parade.

There are so many stories about animals, for younger readers, that I scarcely know where to start. *Farmyard Puppies* by Cecil Aldin (Oxford, \$1.25) has entrancing pictures by this famous artist, together with a story about two puppies whose curiosity leads them into difficulties. *Topsy*, written and illustrated by Marjorie Flack (Doubleday, Doran, \$1.00), is about a cocker spaniel puppy whose first home was in a shop window. But the pup soon finds another home, and meets our old favorite, Angus. You can imagine things happen then!

Skookum was a little goat with a big appetite. That was why the old lazy Indian gave him to Sandy McNab for a pet. The story of their adventures together is in *Skookum and Sandy* by Richard Bennett (Doubleday, Doran, \$1.00), in which there are many delightful pictures, too. *The Lost Leopard* by Eleanor F. Lattimore (Harcourt Brace, \$2.00) has a real leopard in it, and, even more interesting, a toy one. How John lost his toy leopard in a big park in London, and how he found it after an adventurous search, make a story little boys and

By HELEN FERRIS

Editor-in-Chief, Junior Literary Guild

girls will wish to hear, and to read, again and again.

Nancy is a very real little girl who knows a surprise! To see the surprise, she takes her kitten, and her dog with floppy ears, and her rabbit, and any number of other pets. There is the surprise—a baby brother! *I Know a Surprise* by Dorothy Walter Baruch (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, \$1.00) is the name of Nancy's book, which is full of colored pictures.

You will find a real and charming little girl in *Ann Frances* by Eliza Orne White (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.75). Ann Frances is just five years old when the story opens, and she does the very things other little girls do, including getting the measles.

Pee Gloo, written and illustrated by Georges Duplaix (Harper, \$2.00), is the lively story of a penguin who is brought to America by the members of an expedition to the South Pole. Pee Gloo has a way of getting into things, including Mr. Duplaix's entertaining pictures!

For Eight- to Twelve-Year-Olds

More animal books—and good ones, too! First, an old favorite, *Tales From Uncle Remus* by Joel Chandler Harris (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.00), a most attractive selection with new pictures in color by Milo Winter: Mr. Fox and Miss Goose, Brer Rabbit's Riddle and ten others.

Sandy's Kingdom by Mary Gould Davis (Harcourt, Brace, \$1.75) is as fine a dog story as I have read in many a day. Besides Sandy, the wise Shepherd dog, there are Buck and Kim, the St. Bernards; Brutus, the Great Dane, and even Mittens and Miranda, the cats. Boys and girls from eight to twelve won't want to miss a word—especially the part where the barn catches fire. *Luck of the Roll and Go* by Ruth and Latrobe Carroll, who are known to all AMERICAN GIRL readers (Macmillan, \$1.75), is another outstanding animal story of the year. Luck is a sea-faring kitten who gets aboard the ship *Roll and Go* as a stowaway, and has all kinds of adventures. Big Boy, the dog, is his friend, and Big Boy flies over the South Pole. Yes, this book is plumb full of happenings!

Honk the Moose by Phil Stong (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00) is another of my favorites, both in its story and in its pictures. Can you

imagine a moose coming right into a town and into a livery stable? Honk does that very thing and likes it, too, for even though he leaves for a while, back he comes! *Mr. Tidypaws* by Frances Clarke Sayers (Viking, \$1.50) is almost as unusual as Honk, for he is a changeling cat who dances with the fairies on moonlight nights. No wonder he can do things for Christopher Tree and his Gran in this most delightful story.

Three for an Acorn by Margaret and Mary Baker (Dodd, Mead, \$1.50) is an amusing story by an author whose books are widely loved. In it, Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel open a shop to fill their store cupboard for the winter, selling pine cones and ant eggs and other delectables.

Next on my list for boys and girls of this age are some book-boys and book-girls whom I am sure they will enjoy knowing. *Shanty Ann* is in a book by the same name—*Shanty Ann* by Grace Moon (Stokes, \$2.00). She sets up housekeeping, with her father and some unusual friends, on the desert near—all of things—a dump! But it's fun living out-of-doors, and exciting. What was in the mysterious package left by the strangers? Ann has a real share in solving that mystery. This is an unusually good story. *Dawn Boy of the Pueblos* by Lena Becker Scott (Winston, \$2.00) is about an Indian boy of the Southwest who has a gift for making jewelry. How Dawn Boy's dream of making lovely things comes true, and how he even goes to New York to show his work, is an interesting story, and one that gives a very real picture of Indian life to-day.

The Three Little Warrens by Sarah Wheelock (Stokes, \$1.75) brings us boys and girls who live in a Southern town before the days of automobiles. Readers under ten will thoroughly enjoy their adventures and pranks.

River Children by Mary Brewster Hollister (Dodd, Mead, \$1.75) is the unusual story of an orphan family aboard their river-boat home. Mehwa and Bing-hu, a sister and brother, and Dea-dea, the baby, are very real children and their life on the river is picturesque.

Two special presents are to be found in *The Thorndike-Century Junior Dictionary* by E. L. Thorndike (Appleton-Century, \$2.00)—a dictionary that gives all its definitions in words that boys and girls can understand; and in *The Story Book of Earth's Treasures* by Maud and Miska Petersham (Winston, \$2.50)—the story of gold, of coal, of oil, of iron and steel—vividly recounted and colorfully illustrated by the famous Petershams. (Continued on page 40)

CHRISTMAS ON PARADISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

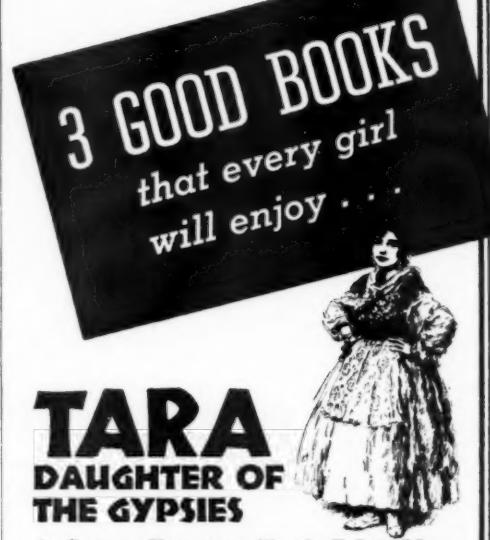
The prize goose, whom you had brought up by hand and called Oliver Cromwell, Old Ironsides, or some such distinguished title, was duly carved. And Father found his wishbone snow-white and you all applauded, for that meant lots of snow and two more months of coasting on your sleds. There were mince pies by the legion. And if Uncle Tom were there, a whole raccoon baked just for him and girt around with browned sweet potatoes. Mother's wild strawberry jam was there on deck, winking at you like rubies from the holes in tarts that melted away like bubbles in the mouth. That dinner was three hours in Beulah Land!

Of course, there will be an apple pudding at such a season. Steamed in a lard bucket, and cut open with a string. A sauce of oranges and lemons to make an ocean around each steaming volcano of suet and russet apples as it falls crumbling from the loop of twine. It will have to be steamed in the boiler, if your Christmas is to be the size of ours, and cooked in a ten-pound lard pail. Better use a cod line instead of the twine of other holidays, to parcel it out to the members of the clan.

The whole nation of you in the house will go from one thing to another. The secret of the best Christmases is everybody doing the same things all at the same time. You will all fall to and string cranberries and popcorn for the tree, and the bright lines each of you has a hold on will radiate from the tree like ribbons on a maypole. Everybody will have needles and thread in the mouth, you will all get in each other's way, but that is the art of doing Christmas right. You will all bundle up together for the ride in the afternoon. You had better take the horse-sled, as the pung will not begin to hold you. And even then a dozen or so of assorted uncles and aunts and cousins will have to come trooping after through the deep snow, and wait for their turn on the straw in the sled. Smaller cousins will fall off over the sides in great knots and never be missed, and the hullabaloo will roar on and send the rabbits flying away through the woods, showing their bobbing scuts.

Everybody will hang presents on the tree at once, when the sun has dipped down into the spruces in the west and you are back home in the sitting-room. There will be no nonsense of tiptoeing up and edging a package on when nobody is looking. Everybody knows who is giving him what. There is no mystery about it. Aunt Ella has made rag dinahs for all hands and the cook—for all under fourteen years of age—and she does not care who knows it. The dinahs are all alike, except that those for the children whose lower garments are forked have forked red-flannel pants instead of red-flannel petticoats. They all have pearl button eyes and stocking toes for faces. There will be so many hands at work on the tree at once that the whole thing will probably go over two or three times, and it will be well to make it fast with a hawser or so.

And then you (Continued on page 41)



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by CHESLEY KAHMANN, illus. by F. LUIS MORA

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● **CHILDREN OF THE HAND-CRAFTS** by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. Ill. by Grace Paull. Age: 8-12. \$2.00.

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GOOD TIMES WITH BOOKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

For Older Readers

Your older brother will enjoy *Sporting Chance* by Donal Hamilton Haines (Farrar and Rinehart, \$1.75), the story of a rich man's son who, when his father loses his money, proves his real worth, amid forest fires, night raiders, and newspaper rivalries. *Canoeing with the Cree* by Arnold S. Sevareid (Macmillan, \$1.50) is another story older brothers will like, a tale of true adventure, the dramatic account of how two Minnesota boys go to the Arctic in a canoe.

And here are three stories of early New England which you, as well as your teen age brother, will enjoy. *The Golden Horse-shoe* by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan, \$2.00) is a beautifully written story of colonial Virginia—of Tamar, the daughter of an Indian princess and Colonel Anthony of Stafford Hall, and of Tamar's half-brother, Roger, who at first resents his sister's Indian blood. Here is a story of high adventure, of life in a beautiful mansion and in the deep green forests, and of a fine girl and boy who come to understand each other. *Madagascar Jack* by E. A. Stackpole (Morrow, \$2.00) is the story of an old Nantucket whaler. *Three Sides of Agiochoock* by Eric P. Kelly (Macmillan, \$2.00) tells dramatically of a half-Indian boy, Philip Brewster, a student in the Seminary in Hanover, New Hampshire, in 1775. He is chosen for an important mission into Canada to see Joseph Brant, in the course of which he has many stirring adventures.

Franz: A Dog of the Police by Captain S. P. Meek (Penn, \$2.00) is another story that will interest both older boys and girls—for who doesn't like a good dog story? Franz, the dog hero of this one, is shipped from California to Honolulu where he becomes a member of the police force.

And for anyone on your list who is a 'teen age reader, or even older, and who is interested in nature study, *Backyard Exploration* by Paul Griswold Howes (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.00) is an unusually fascinating book. There is adventure in studying and photographing insects—in fact, in investigating the whole world of small creatures. This book tells you just how to do it.

Especially for Older Girls

Have you heard the good news? Our own American Girl articles, *It's More Fun When You Know the Rules* by Beatrice Pierce have been made into a book with that very title (Farrar and Rinehart, \$1.75), and with some splendid new chapters added as well. This is, most assuredly, a book to own for yourself, one to keep—and to use!

Three new books which I recommend are *Uncharted Ways* by Caroline Dale Snedeker (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00) about the brave Quaker girl, Margaret, in early New England; *Tara, Daughter of the Gypsies* by Chesley Kahmann (Smith and Haas, \$2.00), the tale of a young Gypsy and her struggle to be thought worthy of the Gypsy heritage; and *Red Sky* by Theodore A. Harper (Viking, \$2.00), the story of Feenga, a Russian girl in the early days of the World War.

by ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH



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CHRISTMAS on PARADISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

will turn right around and take the presents off again, the minute you have got them all on and have lighted the candles up. There will be no waiting, with small children sitting around with aching hearts. The real candles will be a problem, in all that mass of spills. Bougs will take fire here and there. But there will be plenty of uncles around to crush out the small bonfires in their big brown hands. All the same, it would be well to have an Uncle Thomas who can take up a live coal in his thumb and finger, and light his pipe from it, cool as a cucumber. Better turn the extinguishing of the tree over to him.

There will be boughten presents, to be sure—a turtle of cardboard in a glassed, dainty box, hung on springs and swimming for dear life with all four feet, and popguns with their barrels ringed and streaked with red and yellow lines. Why popguns should be painted like broomsticks is one of the mysteries, along with the blue paint you always find on Maine cartwheels. Somebody will probably get one of those Swiss music-boxes that will eke out a ghostly "Last Rose of Summer," if tenderly cranked. There should be those little bottles of transparent candies, with real syrup in them, which I used to live for through the years. And there must be a German doll for every last girl, with mountains of yellow hair and cheeks looking as if life were a continuous blowing of bubbles. Boughten things are all right.

BUT if it is going to be our kind of Christmas, most of the presents will be home-made. Socks knit by the aunt who swears only by useful gifts. You have seen those socks growing up from their white toes for the last two weeks. Wristers, always red. A box of Aunt Louise's candied orange peel that she will never let on to anybody how she makes. Your father will have made a sled for every mother's son and daughter of you, with a bluebird, or robin redbreast, more real than life, painted on each one and your name underneath. You will never have another present to match that, though you grow up and become Midases. Popcorn balls, big as muskmelons, will be common ware. They will be dripping with molasses, and will stick your wristers and socks and other treasures together.

But the pith of the party is not reached until the whole nation of you sits down in

rocking chairs, or lies down on their bellies in front of the six-foot gulf of the fireplace. The presents are all stowed, heaped and tucked away, stuck fast with cornballs. The last lamps are out. The firelight dances on the ceiling. It lights up the steel engraving of Major McCulloch leaping from Kentucky to Ohio, with ten thousand mounted redskins yelling and reining in their steeds behind him. It lights up Daniel Boone's daughters as they lean away towards their boat's end and scream their silent screams and drop their water lilies, while Indian head after Indian head grins up at them from the river of the Dark and Bloody Ground.

All the babies will be hushed and put away. All the younger fry will be more than half asleep. The toasted cheese and red herring will go round. The herring, by the way—if you are worthy to wear my shoes after me—which you yourself have smoked with green oak, and have gotten your own two eyes so that they looked like two burnt holes in a blanket while doing it, and have hugely enjoyed every hour of it all.

Then you had best find a fair substitute for my father. Give him the best chair in the house—and the way to find that is to push the cat out of it—and let him tear! He will begin by telling you about such people as the brilliant young ladies of Philadelphia who had a piano too big to fit their house, so they put it on the porch and played on it through the open window. Then he will sit back and work his way to the Caliph of Bagdad, who had a daughter so homely that she had to wear a sack on her head when her suitors came awooing, and how she fell down a well and made herself a great fortune, and won the handsomest husband that ever wore a turban. That story, by the way, you will not find in the "Arabian Nights" even though you look for it, as I have done, till you have gray hairs in your head.

The firelight will get into your father's eyes and on his hair. He will move on from Bagdad to Big Bethel, and tell you all how the Yankee campfires looked like the high Milky Way itself, all night long before the battle; how the dew silvered every sleeping soldier's face and the stacked rifles, as the dawn came up with the new day and death. And you will hug your knees and hear the wind outside going its rounds among the snowy pines, and you will listen on till the story you are hearing becomes a part of the old winds of the world and the motion of the bright stars. And probably it will take two uncles at least to carry you to bed.

LETTER OF THE LAW

the smoke and sizzle of frying fish. She stole into the bedroom and hid the purse in the box which held Vi'let's scanty wardrobe, pushing it far back under the bed.

That evening the youngest Bascom ate her supper in silence and when nine o'clock came, she went to bed without protest. But she could not sleep. Lying beside Auntie in the rickety old double bed, she twisted and tossed through the endless hours of the night. Towards morning the tired old woman could stand the child's wriggling no longer. She sat up suddenly. "Fer the lan' sakes, Jessie, what's the matter? Are ye sick? Ye

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

ben goin' over this bed like a inchworm, the blessed night. I can't get a wink o' sleep, an' I got a big ironin' tomorrow. That pogie ye et fer supper must 'a' disagreed with yeh. Lay over to yer own side now, an' try to keep quiet!"

But it was no pogie that made poor Jessie squirm. It was jail! That was where they put people who took what didn't belong to them. In the small, low-spirited hours the ash-can (*Continued on page 42*)



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LETTER OF

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

philosophy had evaporated. Mrs. Springe's eyes, and the policeman's, were boring through the dark. Perhaps she had better tell Auntie about the purse. But, no. That wouldn't do. Auntie's ideas of right and wrong were too sharply defined, and her punishments for evil-doing too practical.

ON her way down town next morning, Alice stopped at the church. As she entered she heard voices, and peeped into the parlors to see who might be there.

Just inside the door stood blue-eyed Mrs. Hollister, in her squirrel coat and pale-blue velvet turban. Her face was worried and unhappy. The lower half of Mr. Peebles's stout form, down on all fours, projected from one of the closets like the back of a fat woodchuck, half way in and half way out of its hole. He seemed, under compulsion, to be pulling out the whole contents of the cupboard, hymn books, Bibles, and piles of Sunday School leaflets.

"Oh, Alice, I've lost my beautiful needle-point purse," cried Mrs. Hollister as the girl appeared. "It was a Christmas gift from my husband. I had it in the study yesterday when I was pasting the paper caps, and I was so tired, I never thought of it again till I got home. Mr. Hollister and I drove up and unlocked the church last night to look for it. But it wasn't here. I'd only had it a few hours—my husband thought I'd been very careless." She blotted her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Have the ash cans been emptied?" Alice cried, with her usual quick thinking. "Maybe Mr. Peebles threw it out with the papers when he cleaned up."

But Mrs. Hollister shook her head. "Mr. Hollister thought of that. We went out to the curb and hunted through the cans with a flash light. I don't like to suspect anyone, but I keep thinking about that big Harmon Bascom. He was in and out of the study two or three times yesterday."

"Oh, it couldn't have been Harmon," Alice protested. "He just came for the ice cream. I gave him some after you left the kitchen, and he went out of the church immediately. I saw him go."

Mrs. Hollister tucked her handkerchief into her pocket. "I can't help thinking he took it. After Mr. Peebles looks through the closets, I'm going up to see his aunt."

Auntie Bascom's life was hard enough without this blow, thought Alice. And she had no conviction that Harmon was the culprit, anyway. "Don't go till I search the study again," she begged.

But there was no purse in the study. As Alice knelt before the cupboards, trying to bring to light a thing that was not there, she heard the outside door slam. She looked up to see the tiny figure of Jessie Bascom in her striped coat, standing back against the double doors.

Jessie's eyes were black with fear. Both hands were clasped against the breast of her coat. Her lips seemed stiff.

"I done a awful thing, Miss Buckley."

The tense words caught Alice's attention, and the child's appearance convinced her instantly that something was wrong.

Jessie drew Mrs. Hollister's purse from

THE LAW

her coat and shoved it into Alice's hands. "I didn't steal it, Miss Buckley! Auntie said it wasn't stealin'. You said so, too," she accused with fierce insistence. "I found it in a ash can!"

"You found it in the ash can? Oh, you poor little thing!"

At the cry of sympathy, the child poured forth her story in a storm of incoherence and tears. Alice herself was shaken by the intensity of her remorse.

She stroked Jessie's pigtail comfortingly. "If you didn't think it was stealing, why did you bring it back? Did Auntie make you come?"

But Jessie shook her head. "I brung it back myself," she wept. "I didn't tell Auntie nothin' about it. I had to bring it back, it made my stummick feel so bad! An' I done a worse thing yet, Miss Buckley. There was money in it. Three dollars. An' I spent some!"

"How much did you spend?"

Jessie raised a tear-swollen face. "Three cents. I bought a lollipop."

Alice narrowly saved herself from smiling. She rose. "Mrs. Hollister is in the parlors now. We'll go and tell her."

But Jessie pulled away in a panic. "Will she put me in jail?"

"Certainly not. She'll feel just as I do. That it was wrong to take the purse, but that you've been a splendid brave girl to bring it back."

Mrs. Hollister was leaving for her painful interview with Auntie when Alice led the culprit before her. Jessie thrust the purse upon the young matron, her words frozen in her throat, so Alice had to tell the tale.

At first Mrs. Hollister listened with some indignation. But, realizing suddenly the courage of the child and the terror in the small face, she held out her arms with a murmur of compassion. "Don't think another thing about it, dear," she soothed. "And now I'm going to give you something!"

She opened the pocketbook. Taking an envelope from the table, she enclosed the two dollars and ninety-seven cents in it, and held the packet out to the child.

"I'm not paying you for being honest and brave, Jessie. That's everybody's duty. But you've made me so happy by bringing back my purse that I'd like to give you a Christmas present."

At Alice's glance of approval the child's fingers closed on the envelope. Mrs. Hollister patted her shoulder. "That's to spend for anything you want. Run along now, and buy something nice with it."

"And I know what that'll be!" Alice nodded her head, smiling. "A lovely doll carriage like Frieda's, so you can take Vi'let out riding!"

But Jessie was through with riches. They had complicated her world too much. She shook her head with decision. "I'm goin' to give it to Auntie," she said in her husky whisper.

And So To Bed



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BUT there's always just one more chapter of that thrilling book to read, or another

inch of knitting, not to mention a last glimpse at that troublesome geometry problem or Latin translation. And it's for these last few moments we need and welcome a warm flannel bathrobe.

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LOOK WHO WROTE IT!

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK: The cover design for October was just perfect, thanks to Joseph Stahley; and "Alice" by William M. Chase was one of the sweetest American Girls we've had.

Girl Scout Week! Well, anyone could tell that that would be swell-elegant—look who wrote it! *Troubled Waters*, too, is certainly living up to my expectations of Edith Ballinger Price.

Red Jacket was one of the best stories of the Friday Afternoon Dozen; and *The Great Cornelius* was adorable. I can't get enough of Mary Avery Glen's stories.

Amikuk, the Wily was one of the best animal stories I've read. Let's have more stories by Alexander Sprunt, Jr., and more pictures by R. Bruce Horsfall.

I'm sure that *What Every Girl Should Know About House Decoration* is going to help me when I want to redecorate my room.

The poems were lovely, but we don't have enough of them. And, as usual, the Girl Scout Features were most enjoyable.

Sally Copland

JOINING IN THE FUN

AMERICUS, KANSAS: I enjoy reading *THE AMERICAN GIRL* very much, and I always turn to the jokes first. I live in a small town where there isn't any Girl Scout organization, but I enjoy reading about the good times other Girl Scouts have at camp, and I can hardly wait from one issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to another.

The Knave of Hearts was interesting because one was always waiting to see what happened next, and why Kit O'Malley was sneaking around so mysteriously. *Call it Luck!* was swell. But when it comes to Kit and Libby in *Troubled Waters*, I feel as if I would like to be right on the *Minnie B.* with them, and joining in their fun!

Ellora Bruce

A HELPFUL ARTICLE

RHINEBECK, NEW YORK: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a year and have just renewed my subscription for two more years. During all this time I haven't written a word to tell you how much I like the magazine, but when I finished reading this month's issue I just had to tell you that I think it is the best magazine I ever laid my eyes upon. This month, *Red Jacket* seems to me the best story, with *The Great Cornelius* a close second. As a rule, I consider the Merriam girls' stories the best, the F. A. D.s next, and the Em and Kip stories third.

I was greatly surprised and pleased to see that the *A Penny For Your Thoughts* section was enlarged. I look forward to that eagerly every month, as I do to *Good Times*

With Books, and Laugh and Grow Scout. What Every Girl Should Know About House Decoration was a God-send to me because I am just about to do my room over.

Many thanks to James Russell Patterson and *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for that helpful article!

As for Edith Ballinger Price's continued story, *Troubled Waters*, there are no words which can describe it well enough.

Joseph Stahley's cover design was simply swell, and I think it should be used to advertise Girl Scout Week in stores and public buildings, as well as on the cover of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Jean Pells

GIRL SCOUT WEEK FEATURES

APPONAUG, RHODE ISLAND: *AMERICAN GIRL* covers and frontispieces are always attractive, and this month the story, *Girl Scout Week*, made a huge hit with me. I'm sure it will with my friends, too.

Troubled Waters by Edith Ballinger Price is the type of serial that appeals to me. Also the article *What Every Girl Should Know About House Decoration* is perfect.

The features about Girl Scout Week are good. I'm a Girl Scout, and it pleases me to read such things. The little article about the Garden of the Nations at Rockefeller Center is just swell. Sonia Jane Brown

TRAIL'S END

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: As I was whirling about the house, trying to do all that I had to do in the short time I had to do it in, who should come waddling up the lawn but our fat and jolly postman! After nearly falling over himself on the lawn hose, he reached me, and handed me the long-awaited October issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Everything I had to do vanished from my thoughts, and I settled down on the porch steps to look it over.

The cover is grand. I know that I, and many another Girl Scout, after reaching the trail's end, has looked triumphantly down at the view below, as this girl on the cover is doing.

Girl Scout Week is darling. Edith Ballinger Price writes wonderful stories, and I have enjoyed many of her books—*Silver Shoals Light* and *Garth, Able Seaman* among them.

Amikuk, the Wily takes the cake for animal stories. The illustrations are wonderful. Let's have more like it. *The Great Cornelius* and *Red Jacket* were both good, and *Troubled Waters* is the best story I have ever read in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

I enjoyed the article on house decoration, and I always read the Girl Scout articles. *In Step With The Times* is perfect. Please keep us up-to-date on European affairs, especially at these times.

Janette Grant

AN INTERESTING HOBBY

BONNE TERRE, MISSOURI: I hope you won't think me terribly rude for criticising your grand magazine, but I would make a few changes for my own personal taste. I don't really intend to run over other girls' opinions but, unlike most girls, I dislike your Art series. I realize they are wonderful pictures but, to me, they lack the most necessary quality, interest. I love modern art. Something flashing and new.

I can easily compliment you on your choice of articles. They are splendid. But couldn't we have just a faint touch of love in our stories? I'm not at all keen for mushy stuff, but just a hint of romance really adds lots of color.

Your advertisements are well selected in my opinion. My hobby—you may think it queer—is answering advertisements. I believe I have answered all of yours.

Bettie Hirsch

COLOR SCHEMES

MCALISTER, OKLAHOMA: It doesn't seem possible, but my sister and I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* nearly four years. And how much we have enjoyed those four years!

The October magazine is such a Girl Scout issue that I, having been a Girl Scout for five years, decided to write and express my appreciation of it. *Girl Scout Week* was certainly clever, and characteristic of its famous author who is one of my favorites. All of the stories were top-notchers this month, including Alexander Sprunt's *Amikuk, the Wily*.

Troubled Waters gets better with each installment. I envy the girls having such an experience, for although I have never seen the sea or real ship, I have always longed to take a cruise on a real, sure-enough ship. And that's just another vote in favor of Edith Ballinger Price's stories.

All the articles concerning Girl Scout Week claimed my close attention, you may be sure. I hope I may be fortunate enough to visit the Garden of the Nations on the RCA building some day.

I liked James Russell Patterson's article about house decoration very much. It explained color schemes so clearly that I think I will have no more trouble in remembering them from now on.

I thought the Girl Scout cover a very good one—in fact, the whole magazine is good.

Jeanne Allison

CHRISTMAS GIFT for ELLEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

some fun to make up for it. Bob Wharton's playing for the dance after the speeches, and they say his orchestra's better than it was last summer at the yacht club."

Reluctantly allowing herself to be pulled from the room, Ellen cast a final backward glance at the portrait that had raised her hopes so high and then had cast them down. From the side, it was only a thick gold frame with a thicker dust-box protecting the canvas—and a smiling pirate who refused to say where he had hidden the founder of Milbrook School.

As she heard the loud voices of Tank Beegle and Bilge Wyeth talking to her mother downstairs, Ellen stopped at the hall mirror to dab quickly at her nose with a powder puff.

"Okay, we're licked. But I won't admit it to *that* pair!"

In the laughing noise of a dozen people around the Vaughn supper table, Ellen Wakefield submerged her disappointment. She was forced to admit that, for once in his life, Tank Beegle was really funny. It was only when the boy unexpectedly asked how she enjoyed the book he'd given her for a Christmas present that Ellen's mind, of a sudden, reverted to the portrait in her bedroom, and its enormous frame.

In that moment, her eyes lighting, Ellen Wakefield jumped from her chair.

"Will you excuse Hedda and me, everybody?" she asked, trying to hide her excitement. "Save us seats at the celebration, will you, Tank?"

Clutching Hedda's hand, she ran out of the dining room.

"I've got an idea!" she cried, thrusting the surprised girl's coat into her hands. "Come on home with me!"

In an assembly hall packed to overflowing with enthusiastic students and alumni, Milbrook School celebrated the two-hundredth anniversary of its founding. Dr. Craft, principal of the school, made an address of welcome, Mayor Huntington spoke on the history of the town, and the Governor of the State presented a scroll.

TROUBLED WATERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

kin hurt if I choose," he added darkly, moving closer. "I kin make things pretty bad for *city-folks*. Understand?"

"No, I can't say that I do," Kit said decidedly. "And you can't shut us up with vague threats like that, as if we were kids. You knew us when we *were* kids. I wonder how you feel, anyway," Kit added with a sudden flash of scorn.

"Well then," said Browning, "since ye're so hard to skeer—I'll tell you what I *will* do. I'll land you young ladies right here, and I'll pull this here schooner off this sandbank at high tide, with my bo't, an' tow her back to Todd's Hole. I'll say I found her abandoned—an' yer maws will think ye're drownded sure 'nough, an' they won't search no more. Fer a while ye'll find vittles

Then Ezra Patch, secretary of the Historical Society, added a few unscheduled words. White hair slicked down, but trousers unpressed as they had been the evening Ellen and Hedda had watched him search under the Galladow painting with his chemicals, the old man had an air of suppressed delight. And when he had said his first few conventional opening words, Ellen Wakefield began to tremble with excitement. Next to her, Hedda Vaughn also quaked. And everyone else in the audience, including Tank Beegle and Bilge Wyeth whose long frames had been slumped in their chairs for half an hour, came suddenly to attention.

For Ezra Patch had dropped a bombshell into the celebration.

". . . after two hundred years. And tonight it is my great privilege to present to Milbrook School, through the generosity of two of its students, a painting of its founder—Israel T. Milbrook."

From the wings of the stage, the speaker brought out the great gilt frame that so recently had stood on Ellen's mantelpiece.

At sight of the familiar frame with its portrait of Galladow, Tank Beegle's laugh echoed through the auditorium. Every head turned toward him and the girls beside him. But, as Ezra Patch's voice again filled the hall, Ellen Wakefield's expression was one of triumph.

"From an old book, recently purchased at the Tuttle sale by another Milbrook student," the speaker was telling his spell-bound audience, "two girls found an exceedingly slender clue which they followed with determination and ingenuity worthy of the result. They discovered that this portrait—of the adventurer whose enmity toward Israel T. Milbrook caused him to 'bury' the founder of our school—actually hides the original which even I never thought to see!"

Laying the massive gold frame face down, the secretary of the Historical Society opened the dust-case on its back.

"Behind this large portrait," he said as he removed the canvas of Pirate Galladow, "is another. And this other is Israel T. Milbrook!"

To the astounded (*Continued on page 49*)

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TROUBLED WATERS

Libby, mercifully, had been spared the threats. She ducked out of the galley now, the coffee-pot in her trembling hand.

"Look!" she cried, pointing with it. "Look who's coming!"

In the heat of the last fifteen minutes, no one on deck had heard the approach of a motorboat down the bay. With its engine cut off, it was now gliding under the *Minnie B.*'s counter—and in another instant Bill Longman, gaunt, dirty, and very tired, was standing on deck.

"Glory be!" he shouted. "As soon as the plagued fog lifted, it was easy enough to see the old hooker's sticks, a mile away. How'd you manage so she didn't pile up on somep'n hard instead of this little doormat? Am I glad to see you! Hullo, Cap'n Sol—where'd you drop from? You get by okay this time?" Bill's weary face shadowed, and his eyes suddenly glittered blue fire. "I passed my ground, on the way—they got me for sure, this time. Everythin' gone—everythin'!" His voice broke suddenly on a note of exhaustion and discouragement past bearing.

"Been looking for us, Bill?" Kit asked, in the queer silence. "As if you didn't have enough—"

Sol Browning was trying to get his face back into its usual impassive lines. "Lost everythin', kid?" he started to ask with forced solicitude. But the silence had endured too long, the attitudes were too strained, the anger was still aflame in Jenks's face, Browning's eyes were still cold as a snake's with hatred and anxiety.

"What's goin' on here, anyway?" Bill asked suddenly. "There's somethin' fishy here."

"Fishy, all right," Jenks said under her breath, and Bill looked at her quickly. He wheeled all at once, and Kit thought she had never seen anything so exciting as his face, flashing from surprise to suspicion, from suspicion to certainty—and then blazing into a white-hot fury.

"I been havin' queer thoughts," he cried in a high voice, "as I was comin' out here—but if I hadn't seen what I just seen out here, they never would have been more 'n thoughts, I guess, 'cause I couldn't have believed 'em. But there was only three or four people knew anything about Abel Baxter's patrollin' plan—" Bill was stepping closer to Browning, "the girls—an' me—an' Dave Rodman—an' *you*. I got thinkin' who could have cut that schooner adrift, an' for a while I believed you really were on the mainland. But you came back—you sneaked back an' did it, Sol Brownin'—I know it, now, as sure as I'm standin' here! An' if you did that, then it's *you* that's been at the bottom of—"

Bill dodged barely in time to miss the hard fist that shot upward towards his chin. Instantaneously, the man and the boy were locked in a tussle that took them up and down the canted deck of the *Minnie B.* Sol Browning was a big man, and strong, but Bill Longman was tall and as hard as nails—tough, from a life of net-hauling and sea-faring. And he was desperate with rage and righteous revenge. He gave Browning a harder fight than he had expected. Constance, utterly shattered by the realization that a good deal of this was her fault, crouched

miserably behind the mainmast. Libby crowded by the galley door, the coffee pot, which she still held, spouting little splashes of cocoa as she caught her breath. Kit stood up against the after rail, her hands clenched together until the knuckles showed white, wondering what she could do. Impossible to interfere with these hard-breathing, hard-hitting figures, apparently. Girls were different from men, drat 'em, she thought disgustedly. Jenks, completely beside herself, clung to the shrouds, her red hair bristling in all directions.

"Attaboy, Bill!" she yelled at intervals. "Sic 'em, sic 'em!"

At any moment it seemed that she might take a flying leap down on top of the combatants if they lurched near enough. So riveted was every eye upon the fight that stamped and stormed up and down the deck,

COVER CONTEST NEWS

THE winning title for the October cover, by Joseph Stahley, is "Follow the Leader!" submitted by Dorothy Kennedy of Camden, Arkansas who will receive a book as a prize. Other good titles were: "The Spirit of '35"; "The Wearing of the Green"; "On to Adelboden!"; "Over the Top"; and "Excelsior," the last submitted by seven girls.

If you think of a good title for this month's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Please print the title, and include only your name, address, age, and the date, on the same sheet. All entries must be mailed by November fifteenth.

that no one saw another figure swarm up over the bowsprit—the figure of the other man, the stranger, Browning's partner in misdeeds. He, wondering what in thunder kept Sol so long away from the hut and breakfast, had finally turned out to see. And, seeing, he promptly came aboard to help his boss.

Bill was winded, but not done. He had plenty of fight left—for he was fighting for the whole of outraged Piper's Island. Sol Browning was beginning to be uncomfortably surprised, when out of the tail of his eye he saw reinforcement creeping up, and drew a long breath. But just as the other man darted up behind Bill, arms outreached for a strangle hold from the back, Jenks did her flying leap. She seemed to sail from the rigging like an angular and infuriated Valkyrie. With an inarticulate war-cry, she dropped full upon the new enemy and her considerable weight and length bore him—taken by surprise—to the deck. The sharp slant of the planking caused them at once to roll ignominiously down against the port rail—Jenks kicking, scratching, and punching with a bony fist as she rolled. Instantly, Kit was there, too. Having their adversary down made him more manageable,

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

and together they sat upon him, so jouncing and pommeling and belaboring him the while, that he wondered why in thunder he'd ever boarded this ship full of she-devils.

And so great was the turmoil—Constance screaming, Libby sobbing, Jenks howling with fiendish delight, Bill and Browning uttering the short hard grunts of men nearly spent—that no one heard anything outside the *Minnie B.* until a clear sound of an engine-room bell ringing "Slow" and then "Stop," tingled into their beating ears. The Coast Guard cutter had glided up and lay just astern of the schooner; her tender was already shooting through the short intervening space of water. And when Sol Browning saw that lean, gray shape blocking his horizon, he suddenly delivered one last wide, wild blow, and dashed for the bow of the *Minnie B.* With a mighty heave and struggle, his accomplice dislodged the girls who had so humiliatingly downed him, and rushed after the boss. And Bill, panting and staggering, followed them. All three dropped into water now breast deep, and in it they made but slow progress floundering towards shore.

The pleasant face of a young officer grinned up at the girls as the tender slid alongside.

"Certainly glad to have run you down," he called. "If it hadn't been for the fog we—"

"Don't cut your engine," yelled Jenks, dabbing at a scratch on her forehead. "Rush around under our bow and head off those men. They're the fish-war demons."

Startled, but obedient, the young officer ordered his engine full speed ahead. The little tender sprang forward as the surge of her screw opening up at high speed drove a rush of white water astern of her. She scuttled around the schooner like an agitated water beetle, and the three men aboard her leaped out into the shallows just as the three men ashore reached the sand. Bill Longman, behind the others, was tackled first—till he made it plain that he was of the pursuing party. And then all six slipping, scrambling figures disappeared in flight and pursuit over the scrubby slope of the little island.

Kit stood holding on to her shoulder which seemed to be slightly damaged. Everything was fuzzy and unrelated in her head. She saw Jenks cutting capers on deck, saw another launch putting off from the Coast Guard vessel—found her mother and Mrs. Jenks and Cap'n Abel Baxter all pressing around, yes, actually there. Libby stood with the tears running down her dirty cheeks, mechanically offering every one hot cocoa from the pot she still held—though the cocoa was by now far from hot, and most of it had been spilled. Kit heard her own voice going on and on, explaining everything. She sensed that more men had gone ashore from the cutter—enough, surely, to overpower those fleeing miscreants before they reached their own boat. She realized suddenly that she was lying flat on deck, with her head in her mother's lap; and her mother's face, bending over her, was one of the nicest things she'd ever seen in her life.

"Better tend to Connie," Kit murmured,

with a deep sigh. "Guess she's done up." "Connie's all right," Mrs. Hamilton said quietly. "Everybody is. *Everything's* all right."

Afterward the fuzziness cleared, and Kit sat up suddenly, and then scrambled to her feet. Bill Longman had come aboard—and if he had looked tired before, he looked a complete wreck now, except that a light of triumph and satisfaction blazed deeply in his blue eyes. He jerked his head sideways. "See 'em?" he said.

Kit, turning, saw Sol Browning and his friend being prodded into the Coast Guard tender.

"Under arrest," Bill told her. "It's a pity, somehow. I wish it wasn't somebody we've al'ays known."

"I know," said Kit. "I know what you mean."

Jenks was thumping Constance briskly on the back which, instead of bucking her up, seemed to bow her lower with each thump.

"Cheerio, Connie!" Jenks was saying loudly. "If you hadn't spilled the beans, maybe we wouldn't have got everything settled so quickly. It all might have dragged on rather uncomfortably. Personally, I think it was a swell scrap and I'm glad it turned out the way it did."

Constance crept away from Jenks's rather brusque encouragement to the quieter comfort of her cousin Kit's presence.

"Oh, Kit," she breathed, "to think that I—I was cross because I thought nothing exciting could ever happen on Piper's Island. Now that it's all over—" She caught her breath tremulously.

"Now that it's all over," Kit said, "we'll go back to Todd's Hole and begin the summer. I guess none of us'll complain of the tameness. Well, this was just warming up—a curtain-raiser, Connie."

"Or a hair-raiser," remarked Jenks. "I tell you what! When we get back and catch our breaths, we'll throw a swell party—and Connie can wear all her nifty clothes,

and it'll be a celebration, and we'll put on some kind of a big show. I know!—and charge admission—and get Bill some new gear, and so forth."

"Oh, cut it out!" Bill muttered, pleased in spite of himself. "You're a big show all by yourself, Jenks."

"By the way," Jenks said suddenly, "I understand that you said you liked girls that were quiet and gentle and didn't yaw around—but I'd just like to ask you where you'd be right now, if I'd been a quiet, gentle girl when that human orang-utan snuck up behind you? Quiet and gentle—like Connie—"

"Oh, lay off Connie," Bill sighed. "You're some orang-utan yourself, if you come to that."

"Mother, he insults me," said Jenks.

"Good, I hope so," said Mrs. Jenks cheerfully. "Come along, Violetta."

Cap'n Abel was standing at the wheel of his *Minnie B.*, and he was talking to her in the same gentle voice he used to the *Minnie* who was prayerfully baking apple turnovers at home in anticipation of every one's return.

"Wal, ol' gal," the Cap'n was saying softly, "I al'ays knew you was the slickest, sma'test, sweetest vessel ever went down the ways—but I didn't quite realize your human intelligence. I was a-plannin' to take you out a-watchin' them fellers but, by gum, you wouldn't wait. No sir, you nosed 'em out by yoreself; you smelt 'em out, an' you run 'em down—an' you slide up as easy as a sled on the beach, so this here Coast Gu'ad can pull ye off hindfust, come high tide. You coched them demons—their—them—"

He fell silent, remembering that it was his friend and neighbor, Sol Browning, who was the demon. Then he swallowed hard, and patted the smooth old wheel of the *Minnie B.* "Lord A'mighty," he murmured, "I'arn us to fergit—an' to fergive him somehow—how—an' pour Thy ire on the troubled waters."

THE KID SISTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

one got into wraps for a "feed" in the village. Even the chaperons were invited, and Beck made her mother go, too. They offered to bring Beck home anything she wanted, but all she desired were two new feet and they couldn't bring those.

"I'll get to bed while you're gone," she promised her mother.

When the house was deserted she started for the stairs, then went down the hall for a glimpse of the ballroom. It was cloudy with smoke; cigarette butts were carelessly flung here and there, and some of the festoons were torn and dangling, but to Beck it looked like a palace of pleasure. She loved to dance—she wasn't bad at it, either; maybe lots of the boys would have cut in, perhaps even Chuck.

There's where the orchestra sat, to the left of the fireplace. That was the noisy drum, that little wire broom tapped out the thrills. There was Jake's bow.

A sudden sound startled her—glass shattering with a sharp, frightening noise.

Burglars? Beck turned. No, the windows

were intact. A crackling noise over the mantel. She looked up and saw the pine branch, festooning the framed letter, ablaze. With amazing rapidity, the flames leaped from twig to twig. The blazing branch might burn itself out, she thought, and do no harm beyond destroying the letter, but on the other hand it might ignite the other decorations. It was above her reach and, acting on impulse, she picked up Jake's bow, hooked it over the stem and easily lifted down the flaming torch which she thrust into the fireplace.

Not until the flame died into sparks did she realize what she had done! How stupid! How childish! She could just as well have taken a poker. Full understanding crept over her and she blushed with shame. Jake's bow ruined. Every strand of horsehair burned until only a few wisps remained.

Was a girl ever more of a pest and a blight?

She left a written confession on the ruined bow, promising to make good as soon as her allowance permitted—which, of course, would not help them tonight. Then she went miserably to bed. (*Continued on page 49*)

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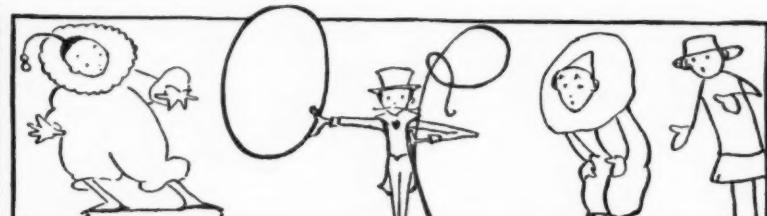
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Too Bad

A: Did you hear about the man who swallowed a tea-spoon?

B: Yes, how is he?

A: He can't stir.—
Sent by ROSE MARY
MAHER, Louisville,
Kentucky.

Muddled

PROFESSOR: Is the
subject clear?

STUDENT: Clear
as mud.

PROFESSOR: Good! Then it covers the ground.—
Sent by POLLYANNA
STIEMKE, Maywood,
Illinois.

Practical

TEACHER: What
lesson do we learn
from the busy bee?

SMART BOY: Not to get stung.—Sent by
MARY SEMBACH, Tamaqua, Pennsylvania.

The Culprit

MOTHER (to small son): Who taught
you that naughty word?

SMALL SON: Santa Claus.

MOTHER: Santa Claus!

SMALL SON: Yes, when he stumbled over
my bed on Christmas morning.—Sent by
MARY ELLEN HOLBROOK, Holliston, Massachusetts.

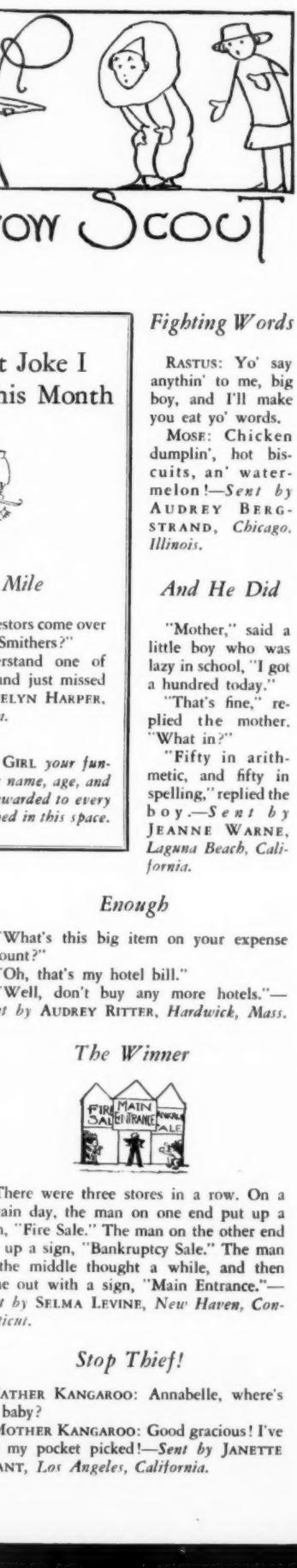
Skater's Luck



Gladys was having a hard time, trying out the new skates which she had received for a Christmas present.

"What's the matter?" asked her brother Frank. "Can't you skate?"

"I don't know," replied Gladys. "I can't stand up long enough to find out."—Sent by MARY ELLEN McGRIE, Buffalo, New York.



Fighting Words

RASTUS: Yo' say anythin' to me, big boy, and I'll make you eat yo' words.

MOSE: Chicken dumplin', hot biscuits, an' watermelon!—Sent by AUDREY BERG-STRAND, Chicago, Illinois.

And He Did

"Mother," said a little boy who was lazy in school, "I got a hundred today."

"That's fine," replied the mother. "What in?"

"Fifty in arithmetic, and fifty in spelling," replied the boy.—Sent by JEANNE WARNE, Laguna Beach, California.

Enough

"What's this big item on your expense account?"

"Oh, that's my hotel bill."

"Well, don't buy any more hotels."—Sent by AUDREY RITTER, Hardwick, Mass.

The Winner



There were three stores in a row. On a certain day, the man on one end put up a sign, "Fire Sale." The man on the other end put up a sign, "Bankruptcy Sale." The man in the middle thought a while, and then came out with a sign, "Main Entrance."—Sent by SELMA LEVINE, New Haven, Connecticut.

Stop Thief!

FATHER KANGAROO: Annabelle, where's the baby?

MOTHER KANGAROO: Good gracious! I've had my pocket picked!—Sent by JANETTE GRANT, Los Angeles, California.

THE KID SISTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

From her dormitory window she heard them returning, and again her cheeks flushed in shame. When Mrs. Roberts came up, she pretended to be asleep, and not even when her mother whispered, "I've brought back a chocolate sundae," would Beck admit she was awake.

After a time she heard the booming of the orchestra. Jim must know by now, she'd get it tomorrow! Her toes throbbed, the weight of the blankets increased the pain, her heart ached, too. Oh dear, oh dear, if only she had chosen a different Christmas present!

It was nearly noon the next day when she awoke with the sense of something horrible yet to happen. All right, she'd dress and get her scolding; better to have it over with. In her ski suit, shod in the overshoes, she limped down stairs. She could hear Connie's gay laughter from the library. How wonderful to be able to laugh like that!

"Here she comes," someone shouted, and Beck's heart stood still. Were they waiting to pounce on her?

A crowd of Jim's friends rushed to the hall and crowded around the stairs. Even Chuck was there! He raised a threatening hand and they all sang:

"For she is a jolly good fellow,

"For she is a jolly good fellow,
"As nobody can deny!"

Beck stood stock still in bewilderment and Chuck mounted the stairs, hand extended.

"Shake, Sister! It was my cigarette that started the blaze. I remember leaving it on the mantelpiece while I went for my coat."

"Gangway for the Queen," shouted Jim, as he and another boy came in with a camp-chair lashed between two skis. Chuck picked her up and set her in the chair.

"We pledge our allegiance, O Queen," he said solemnly, bowing before her.

"But—but—" stammered Beck. "I guess you didn't see what I did to Jake's bow."

"Pewie on the bow," scoffed Chuck. "You saved our original letter by Daniel Webster, and probably you saved the whole house as well."

They carried her into the library and served her breakfast there. They promised, in a bubble of confusion, that they would carry her up to the cabin and over the ski jump. They insisted she should pour at the tea, and sit enthroned in the ballroom during the dance.

Beck looked from one to another, unable to take it all in, until Jim, bending over her, set her straight. "What we're trying to tell you is, you're the right kind of a kid sister."

CHRISTMAS GIFT for ELLEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

audience, Ezra Patch held the frame up once more. And Ellen Wakefield watched only the expression on Tank Beagle's face. For the frame now held the head and shoulders of a black-haired, friendly-looking man in the prime of his life.

Tank's eyes fairly popped. "Well, I'll be . . ."

Ellen raised a finger to her lips.

"Shush, my friend!" she said as the voice of the Historical Society's secretary went on.

"And the names of the two students who so generously have given this invaluable portrait to their Alma Mater as a fitting climax to our celebration are"—the speaker waved toward the center of the hall—"Miss Ellen Wakefield and Miss Hilda Vaughn!"

At the vociferous insistence of audience, principal, mayor, and governor, the girls made their way to the platform. And when Hilda told the wildly applauding audience that the discovery was almost entirely due to Ellen Wakefield's unaided efforts, the crowd applauded again and again. So that

only the last of Ellen's brief word of thanks for their acceptance of the gift reached even the ears of those in the front row.

But Tank Beagle distinctly heard Ellen's words as they later danced to Wharton's orchestra.

"Many thanks for your two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar Christmas present," the girl said gaily.

Right in the middle of the floor, Tank stopped and dropped his arms.

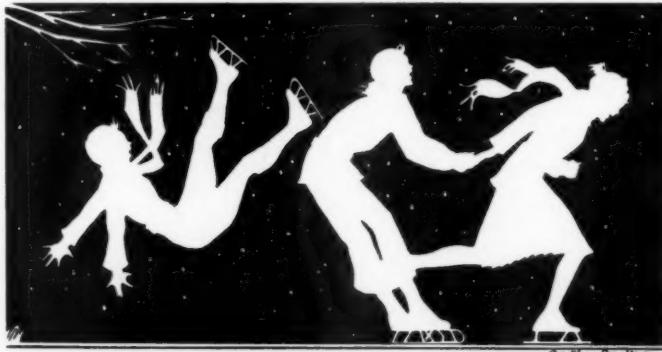
"What two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar present?" he demanded.

"I didn't have a chance to tell you," she said with a smile. "Ezra Patch says the Society will pay me that much for the Galladow book."

A deep groan was Tank's only response.

Ellen reached out and lifted the boy's arms, to dance again.

"Thank you, Tank, for a very merry Christmas!"



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very busy today?

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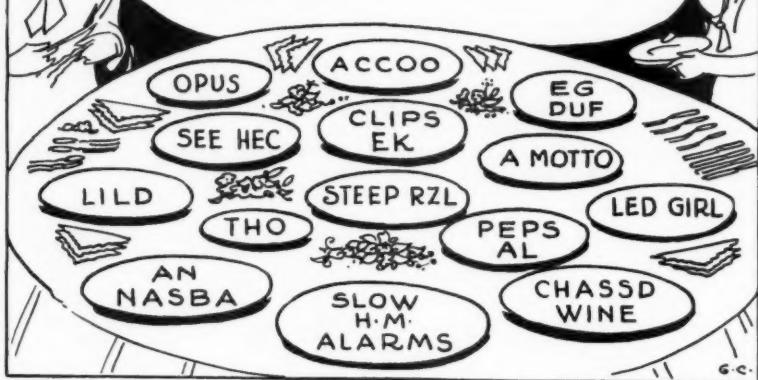
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The GIRL SCOUT SUPPER PARTY PUZZLE MENU**THE PUZZLE MENU****HIDDEN BIRDS**

The name of a bird is hidden in each of the following six sentences:

1. The popular Katherine was present at the party.

2. "We have this style card in always," said the clerk.

3. I found myself in Chicago that very evening.

4. I knew rents were high in that part of the town.

5. The chic row of manikins modeled the latest styles.

6. Never a venture more bold had he experienced.

By PEGGY YOUNG, Aurora, Illinois.

A MUSICAL LETTER TO SANTA

To make this letter to Santa Claus complete, fill in the blank spaces with musical terms. The number of stars show how many letters the required words should contain.

Dear Santa:

It is high **** I wrote you a ****. It is ***** that all in our class want a full ***** of presents for Christmas.

Mary would like a *** pin and Alice wants a blue silk *** to go with her new blouse. Tom is wishing for a pair of ***** to use in his cellar laboratory and Will hopes he will get a ***** knife. Bring a *** iron for Dot so she can launder doll clothes and you can be sure the *** of the class want candy.

Lovingly,
Nellie.

By PHILLIS E. HOLMES, Coleraine, Minnesota.

ANSWERS - TO OUR LAST PUZZLES

THE ARCHERY PUZZLE: Hit 17, 17, 17, 17, 16, 16, or 70, 13, 2, 4, 5, 6. Either group of numbers added together makes 100.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

P	O	L	A	R
O	M	E	G	A
L	E	A	R	N
A	G	R	E	E
R	A	N	E	E

CHARADE: Hiking.

AN ENIGMA: "One today is worth two to-morrows." Add A Letter: The eleven added letters spell "LITTLE WOMEN."

CONCEALED STATES: 1. Colorado 2. Montana 3. Oregon 4. Idaho 5. Maine.

A FISHY PUZZLE: 1. Perch 2. Bluefish 3. Cod 4. Pike 5. Smelt.

ADD A LETTER

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, seven new words will be formed. The seven added letters spell the name of a fruit.

1. Corn
2. Act
3. Eel
4. Slander
5. Rack
6. Range
7. Urn.

By AGNES SNYDER, Louisville, Kentucky.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE

What has four wheels and flies all around? By NANCY FISHER, Paxton, Maryland.

Your grocer can
help you

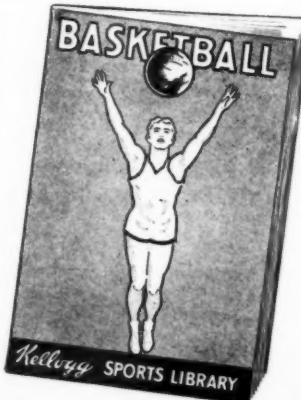


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1 one year 1 eight months	\$2.50	Univex Camera and 2 extra rolls of film.
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1 one year 1 two year	3.50	Univex Camera and 7 extra rolls of film.
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